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PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW

MAY 1931

Mussorgsky Nicolas Slonimsky

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Reviews of Musical Books by
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PROPOSED MERGER

MANY readers have written us to inquire about the reported merger of the English Columbia Company and H. M. V. in England. As yet this merger, several time prematurely announced, cannot be considered an actuality, but a London cable to the New York *Times* and a statement by the J. P. Morgan Company of New York give the proposed details for the combine,—yet to be ratified by the stockholders.

The new company, formed by the consolidation of these two, will be capitalized at close to thirty million, acquiring the entire issued capital of both the older companies by an exchange of shares. It is not expected that the merger will have any effect on the familiar trade-marks of the two companies. They will be used in competition as heretofore, but unnecessary and costly duplication of recordings will be avoided. The Columbia Graphophone Company will distribute pro rata to its stockholders in the form of voting trust certificates its holdings in the Columbia Phonograph Company Inc., of America, of which it now has 90 per cent. control. This measure, it is understood, will make the American Columbia Company an independent organization which will have no connection with the Radio Corporation or any of its subsidiaries in this country.

The announcement of the agreement was signed by Alfred Clark, chairman of the Gramophone Company, and Louis Sterling, managing director of the Columbia Gramophone Company. The amalgamation will result in a new company that will be an English counterpart of the R. C. A., with a range of activity extending to the entire home amusement field and a distributing system throughout the world. The R. C. A. will have a 27% interest in the new company. The new company will have the exclusive rights to manufacture RCA-Victor products in Great Britain and other European markets, also the right to the Marconi patents and inventions, as well as those of General Electric, Westinghouse, and American Telephone and Telegraph.

The English Columbia Company has been in a particularly flourishing condition, having paid a divident of 40 per cent. for the year ended June 30. The Gramophone Company paid a dividend of 20 per cent.

Mussorgsky — After Fifty Years

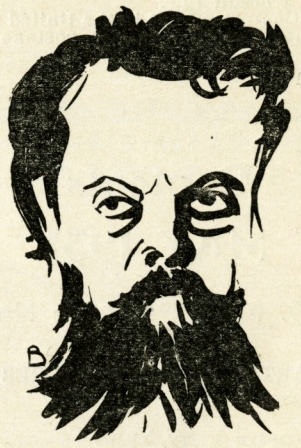
By NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

The most potent influence in the modern trend toward simplicity and directness

WHEN Mussorgsky died fifty years ago, his surviving friends faced the immediate problem of disposing of his corpse—it could not be left in the hospital room where death came—and the less urgent problem of disposing of his manuscripts, full of incoherent harmonies, bad counterpoint and worse orchestration. If the corpse could not be revived, the manuscripts could. Rimsky-Korsakov undertook the delicate task of lending life to Mussorgsky's mortal music. He wisely foresaw the possible condemnation of his love's labor as pedantic emasculation, and was careful enough to deposit the manuscripts at the St. Petersburg Public Library, so that "if fifty years from now Mussorgsky's music still lives, an archeologically correct edition could be made!" Little did he realize that fifty years thence Mussorgsky's awkward harmonies, bad counterpoint and drab orchestration would bear more significance than many a fashionably brilliant composition!

Not only has Mussorgsky survived the crucial test of half-a-century, but he proved to be the greatest influence in modern music. Ostensibly, he was a member of the Russian National School, one of the Mighty Five, as Mussorgsky Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Balakirev and Cui, were grandiloquently appellated. Historically, however, his music has assumed an international aspect, influencing Debussy in France, De Falla in Spain.

The paradox of all "local" art, be it Dickens' provincialisms, Lewis Carroll's infantilisms, or Walt Whitman's Americanisms, is that, at its greatest, it becomes universal through being supremely local. Mussorgsky built a splendid, intrinsically musical, system of diatonic harmony. He redeemed modal style and established its limited usefulness. He was a composer of applied music, the music of opera and human song, and his purpose was to create music of immediate effectiveness, understood by one and all. This is the psychological explanation of his diatonic constructions, lack of contrapuntal ingenuity, absence of sophisticated brilliance. This is also the secret of Mussorgsky's revived glory, hidden in the modern desire to break away from complexity and to return to elementary appreciation of musical values as psychological impulses.



Modeste Mussorgsky

If we tabulate musical virtues and sins according to their psychological indices, we will find the reason of so many historic vacillations, from complexity to simplicity and vice versa.

Tendency toward complexity	*Tendency towards simplicity*
Counterpoint	Harmony
Chromatic structure	Diatonic structure
Interplay of tone-colors	Reticent scoring
Absolute music	Applied music

In the light of these parallels, Wagner is the natural antithesis to Mussorgsky, and Mussorgsky is a natural ally to Verdi! This approximation appears preposterous at first sight—Verdi who created the "unintentionally humorous" school of opera does not seem to have anything in common with the creator of realistic operatic speech; while Wagner, as protagonist of music drama, should be the nearest of kin to the equally national Russian master. But we are here considering musical, not dramatic, values, and, tested from an intrinsically musical point of view, Mussorgsky comes nearer to Verdi than to Wagner. That's why the Wagnerian treatment to which Rimsky-Korsakov submitted some of Mussorgsky's unpolished works, was an error of style. Wagner, in his desire to accomplish a perfect fusion of words and tones, was inexorably led to the complexity of absolute music, while Mussorgsky and Verdi, one realistically, the other artificially, created a living music of melody and harmony. Mussorgsky's counterpoint never exceeds the capacity of immediate per-

ception; and since it is psychologically impossible to follow two lines of equally important voices, Mussorgsky abandons horizontal writing in favor of harmonic vertical style. Such melodies as the "summer motive" in *Trepak*[1] or the "dream motive" in one of the *Nursery Songs,* are not of contrapuntal origin, but proceed directly from Mussorgsky's inexhaustible melodic gift. In sum, in Mussorgsky, there is no other musical science than the exact knowledge of natural limits of musical perception.

Modern music reached the peak of complexity with such creations as Stravinsky's *Sacre*[2] and Varèse's *Amériques.* The reaction came with surfeit. To paraphrase Einstein, space became more important than matter, and Stravinsky wrote the *History of a Soldier,* a terse, economical work with plenty of room between the staves. Incidentally, this is one of the few Stravinsky scores that reveals an influence of Mussorgsky.

Prokofiev approaches Mussorgsky even nearer in his *Overture on Hebrew Themes*[3] (1919) and *The Ugly Duckling* (1914), which are his most unobstructed compositions. Manuel de Falla who, as a composer with a powerful culture of national music, should be immune to extra-Spanish influences, succumbs to Mussorgsky in the recent Concerto for harpsichord and chamber orchestra.[4] Debussy, still earlier, used Mussorgsky's vigorous harmonies as a foil for his impressionistic frailities. Whenever directness and simple effectiveness are conveyed, Mussorgsky's ghost stalks near.

In the field of applied music, Mussorgsky's discoveries are accepted as the only alternative to the artificial song of Verdi. There is no choice—a modern composer writing musical recitative has to follow Mussorgsky. It is curious to observe how happily Mussorgsky lives alongside old Verdi in some of the up-to-the-minute modern operas, and how ludicrous is any mingling of Mussorgsky and Wagner. Verdi's method is usually followed in modern reversions to arias and ariosos, whereas the recitative remains Mussorgskian. And if we group Chaikovsky with the Italian school, then we obtain a perfect clue to the mysteries of some modern compositions.

Of course, we must be careful not to confuse formal resemblances with intrinsic affinities. Particularly, Stravinsky's eel-like movements must be clearly comprehended before we pronounce him—and with him a good three-quarters of all composing gentlemen and gentlewomen—a synthetic product of Mussorgsky's realism and Chaikovsky's formal emotionalism. Stravinsky's works—ballets, little operas, symphonic settings—are all applied music; yet he adopts methods of absolute music, as Wagner did before him.

Among younger Russians, Vladimir Dukelsky in his little opera *Demoiselle-Paysanne,* follows Mussorgsky's tradition, writing in a direct and 100 per cent efficient manner, at least in the recitative. Arias in this opera bear the imprint of Glinka and the Italians. Another "rising Russian" Nicolas Nabakov, in his *Ode* is purely Italian, but it would be interesting to know how he would manage without Mussorgsky had he written an opera rather than an invocation.

The tendency towards harmonic directness and away from umbilical counterpoint grows stronger even in Germany, the land of mental complexities. Wagner and Strauss are the chief losers in this movement. Mussorgsky and Verdi are the winners. And as always, the winners are praised for their practical deficiences as well as for their virtues. It is understandable, therefore, that the enshrinement of Mussorgsky is conducted with little discrimination. The hue and cry raised after the production of the unbowdlerized (not to say, unrimskykorsakovized) *Boris Godunov,* is largely influenced by the spirit of the times. How many of Rimsky-Korsakov's indignant deprecators can

1. Mussorgsky: **Trepak** (from the **Death Cycle**), sung by Vladimir Rosing (Vocalion A-0235—acoustical; withdrawn).
2. Stravinsky: **Sacre du Printemps,** conducted by the composer for Columbia, and by Leopold Stokowski for Victor.
3. Prokofiev: **Overture on Hebrew Themes,** played by the Victor Salon Orchestra of Argentina. (Victor 47167).
4. De Falla: Concerto for Harpsichord and Chamber Orchestra, played by the composer. (French Columbia).

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tell one *Boris* from the other? Very few. Besides, the "authentic" *Boris* is not a new revelation. Mussorgsky's score, without Rimsky-Korsakov's emendations, was published while the composer was still living.

But such is mob psychology that it is not enough to reinstate the unjustly neglected god, but it is necessary to drag down yesterday's idol. . . . The imminent revival of Verdi is already announced by the dull boom of anti-Wagnerian guns. . . .

Mussorgsky Recordings

BORIS GODUNOV is best represented of Mussorgsky's works. The Rimsy-Korsakov version is of course used in all the recorded performances. Most important is the H. M. V.-Victor album of the principal choruses and arias, recorded at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, with Chaliapin singing the rôle of Boris, and Bellezza conducting. The Polonaise and Coronation Scene are also recorded by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris Opera for Columbia, and the Prologue, Girls' Chorus, and Polonaise are also available by the Riga Opera Chorus and Orchestra for Odeon. The principal arias of Boris have been recorded by Chaliapin for Victor and H. M. V., also by Vanni-Marcoux for French H. M. V. Albert Coates conducts an early electrical recording of the Revolutionary Scene (with British soloists) for Victor.

The Fair at Sorochinsk is most popularly known by the boys' dance, Gopak, recorded orchestrally by the Lamoureux Orchestra under Wolff (Brunswick) and as a piano solo by Rachmaninoff (Victor), Valmalete (Polydor), Hambourg (H. M. V.), etc. The Introduction—A Hot Day in Little Russia—is conducted by Cloëz for French Odeon, and Xenia Belmas sings the Chanson de Parassi for Polydor.

The prelude to *Khowantchina* is conducted by Hamilton Harty for Columbia, and by Verbrugghen for Brunswick. Stokowski plays an Entr'acte on the odd side of his album set of the *Firebird,* and Coates conducts the Persian Dances for a recent H. M. V. release. Vocal excerpts: "The Time of Darkness Came" by V. Shushlin, bass; Martha's Divination by A. A. Zelinskaya, soprano; and Shaklovitkoff's aria by K. L. Knijnikoff, baritone (all in the Victor Russian catalogue).

The Night on Bare Mountain is the only purely orchestral work to be recorded; it is available in three competent versions conducted by Wolff (Brunswick), Gaubert (Columbia), and Cloëz (French Odeon). Mussorgsky's most important piano work, *Picture at an Exhibition,* has been recorded only in the orchestral dress of Ravel, played by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony (Victor).

The songs—beyond the Robbers' Song sung by the Russian State Choir (Victor), and the Song of the Flea (Chaliapin, Montesane, and others) are practically non-existent on electrical records, but there was a very fine group recorded by Vladimir Rosing for Vocalian on the acoustical days; most of these have been withdrawn. It was rumored sometime ago that Nina Koshetz had recorded—or was about to record—a group of Mussorgsky songs, but there has never been any definite word of their release.

NEW NEEDLES

Burmese Color Needles

HAVING given them exhaustive tests perhaps it would be an appropriate time to relate some of my findings about Burmese Color Needles and their indispensable Aladdinette, and the Meltrope Sharpener.

When I first heard of the Burmese Color Needle I was immediately prejudiced against it and even more so when I found out that it was necessary to use a sharpener with it. This was before I had an electrical instrument and Aladdinette. I was determined to do all I could to save my new records especially as some of my old ones had worn so badly. I felt it was well worth the experiment at least.

The needles themselves are remarkably susceptible to electrical vibrations and the result is a tone of glowing beauty with surface scratch reduced to the point of non-existence and since this last named is amplified along with the music at hand you will certainly agree that this is definitely something.

Just before placing the needle in the pick-up (and it should not be screwed tightly into position) the little box of Aladdinette gets trotted out and just a dash of the elusive substance sprinkled onto the surface of the record through the small hole you have made in the box. Then rub it gently into the record with the felt surface provided in the box-bottom. You will find from experience how much to use. When you also discover that the use of this minimizes even further the surface noise, also makes it possible to play steel-worn records without ruining the Burmese point, you won't want to be without it or the needles.

As I have already mentioned I experienced some misgivings when I heard that it was necessary to use a sharpener for the Burmese needles. But the Meltrope Sharpener is so simply constructed and easy to use that the perfect point it makes is well worth the effort. Personally I prefer to apply it after each use of the needle. I prefer to sharpen the point each time but a slight turn of the needle to the right will obviate this for two or three playings at least.

The Meltrope Company has also provided a sound-box especially intended for use with the Burmese needle. I have tried it using both the old and new type of record. The old type especially are benefited by the lack of surface noise while the clarity of reproduction of the electrical records is very fine. Those who still have the old style acoustical tone-arm will do well to avail themselves of this sound-box.

RICHARDSON BROWN

Waltone Semi-Permanent Needles

THE Burmese Colour and Electrocolor needles' latest rival is the "Waltone Graphite" needle designed to play over 1000 records. The Waltone needle appears to be much like the fine-gauge needles known to many phonophiles, except that it is built into a shank that will fit directly into a pick-up or sound-box (obviating the special grip that is the annoying feature of the fine-gauge needles), and that the needle itself is encased in a cone of graphite. The reproduction is as fine as that of the fine-gauge needle—which is very good indeed, as every experimenter knows—with the added value of the graphite's lubricating power. The needle-point gets down to the very bottom of the needle grove, while the graphite (the best dry lubricant known) lubricates needle and record and reduces surface noise, vibration, and record wear.

We have not yet had the opportunity to give the Waltone needle a thorough test, but first trials demonstrate it to be a promising claimant for semi-permanent needle honors. The only fault we find with it off-hand is that the shank is not quite long enough to be gripped securely in all makes of pick-ups, a fault which of course can be remedied easily by the makers' extending the length of the shank another quarter of an inch. A new needle has the point completely covered by graphite which must be sanded away a bit before playing.

The needle is fitted into the pick-up and rested on a record on the stationary turn-table. A small piece of fine sandpaper is placed under the needle and drawn back and forth a few times until the point itself scratches the paper, whereupon it will fit into the grove and is ready for use. No further adjustments are necessary and the needle may be left in the pick-up and used until it is completely worn away.

The licencees for North and South America are Pierre Boehme & Cie, of Paris, and we understand that they are now arranging for American distribution. In England the needles are sold at retail for a shilling apiece.

The Quick and the Dead

By W. H. SELTSAM

An appreciation of the rich historical legacy of recorded speech

WERE I asked to choose between a completely recorded symphony and a record of Ellen Terry, my choice would be the latter without question. From the printed page of music one may re-create the power of Beethoven's genius. But from the printed page of memoirs one may draw only a vague impression of the genius of a dead dramatic artist. Beethoven's great endowment will be played and recorded as long as there are musicians and sound reproducing processes. But there never will be another Terry. Happily for posterity, she left not only memories, but some phonograph records. Through their medium future generations will be able to know and judge Terry's art of dramatic utterance much more intimately than by the hearsay of stage chronicles.

History is strengthened immeasurably by these tiny spiralling grooves. Where in the past we had only written documents, photographs, and drawings, we of this century have begun to preserve the actual tone and nuance of voice, and even the spoken thoughts of the immortals.

Many actors and actresses whose names are now but legend, live on through this medium of "frozen speech." Not long ago I played the 1903 *Phédre* record of Sarah Bernhardt for a young French student who had only heard of the "Divine Sarah." "Beautiful, beautiful. I must have a copy of that!" he exclaimed. He was carried away by her golden voice and the dramatic intensity caught by the recording system, inferior as the acoustic system was in those early days.

Equally beautiful in English are the old Shakespearean records of Ellen Terry and the Americans E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. Terry's record of Portia's "quality of mercy" speech from The *Merchant of Venice* is one of my dearest recorded possessions. And one does not soon forget Sothern's interpretation of Romeo's words:

"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

Other great actors who recorded were Lewis Waller, Arthur Bourchier and Sir Herbert Tree. My friend, Frank Harris, who was well acquainted with Tree, has written in his *Contemporary Portraits*: "Tree's *Julius Caesar* was perhaps his finest achievement. . . . Tree was by nature adapted to render surpassingly the rhetoric and romance of Shakespeare's Antony." To the laymen who would consider Tree's interpretation of Antony's words in record form a priceless relic, we phonophiles can point with pride to the H. M. V. record E-1611 of Antony's great lament over the body of Julius Caesar, recited by Tree in 1906.

Our own John Barrymore has made an electrical record of Hamlet's soliloquy and Gloucester's soliloquy from *Henry VI.* Indubitably surpassing Barrymore's rendition of the *Hamlet* soliloquy is that of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in his lecture on International Educational Society records. In his recorded Shakespearean recital this truly great actor includes other recitations from *Hamlet* and *Henry VIII.* that are of superb finish. Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps, on Victor records, have made generous and noteworthy contributions to the list.

A few of the major phonograph companies are recognizing the value of recording contemporary poets and authors reciting or reading their own writings. Besides his lecture *The Speaking of Verse,* John Drinkwater also recites his own poems on two other discs of the International Educational Society lecture series. Sir Henry Newbolt has done likewise. That erratic, ironic witted Jean Cocteau has been recorded by French Columbia. Here is a sample of the type poem you may hear Cocteau recite on records:

The Clear Blue

The overture of the sky cries Ah! in fireworks: heart, parachute, blue mouth open, you may behold the starry sky into the depths of its throat and if it cries Ah! and Oh! all God will fall as gently as a curtain at the Opera.

George Bernard Shaw's lecture on *Spoken English and Broken English* (on Linguaphone records) has been available in this country for a number of years.

Let us not forget the early acoustic personal records of James Whitcomb Riley and the lone disc of that great pillar of Old Russia, Count Leo Tolstoi. While being of very weak recording (possibly due to the fact that Riley was in poor health at that time), the Hoosier poet's discs are noteworthy for his quaint dialect. The one line "An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!", as

recited by Riley, is one of the unforgetable moments in recorded speech. Although much of Tolstoi's English is difficult to understand, I have played his record countless times merely for the wonderful tone of his voice. (It is almost needless to call attention to the fact that these old records are marvelously improved when played on our superb electrical instruments.)

The practice of recording United States presidents is scarcely less noteworthy than that of recording actors and poets. It is thrilling that we can re-create the actual voices of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge; but think of the added value to Americans a hundred years hence! I can imagine many a record "fan" (including myself) stirred to the depths of his being by the mere thought of such a priceless possession as a record of Lincoln's own recitation of his Gettysburg address. If we only had a disc of the voice of Patrick Henry, or Walt Whitman, or Mark Twain! If . . . . . if . . . and again if. . . .

Let's pretend no longer, but voice our satisfaction and appreciation of the discs we have. Besides the records of our United States presidents and a few foreign rulers, we have speeches and lectures by Herbert Asquith, Dr. Grenfell, Ramsay MacDonald, Winston Churchill, the explorers Ernest Shackleton and Robert E. Peary, the scientists Julian Huxley and Sir Oliver Lodge. Even "Gene" Debs, the saint of the Socialists, made a record in the old days. The Columbia Company offers us nearly a hundred complete lectures (International Educational Society), each consisting of from two to ten record sides. One can readily realize the importance to us and those who follow us, of such lectures as *Man and Civilization* by Professor G. Elliott-Smith, *The Introduction to Physics* and *Time and Space* by Sir Oliver Lodge, *Ants and Their Habits* by Prof. Julian Huxley, and the lectures on music by Sir Henry Hadow and Dr. George Dyson.

The catalogues of the larger record manufacturers are not the only source of spoken records of high historical and personal interest. There have been many independent and private recordings, usually impossible to obtain by the ordinary buyer, but often available for reference and preservation. The collection of early recordings in the possession of Thomas Edison is probably one of the most remarkable in existence, and includes the voices of many statesmen and celebrities otherwise unrecorded. Such private recordings as those by James Joyce for the Black Sun Press, Paris, or our own Vachel Lindsay for Columbia University (described on page 207 of the April P. M. R.), and the many dialect recordings in the archives of Columbia University, the Smithsonian Institute, and many Phonogram Institutes abroad, are a historical legacy of the utmost significance. The rapid development of private and home recording devices will lead naturally to a great increase in this privately recorded repertory.

The ability to preserve unusually important radio broadcasts by means of records is of great significance. Recent examples are the Victor discs of a Lindbergh reception and speech and a disc, issued by a New York firm, of the recent broadcast of Pope Pius XI. One side of this last named record is spoken by the Pope in Latin, while the reverse contains an English translation.

The duration of interest in these spoken records is really surprising. Every few months I devote an evening to a hearing of this type disc and I find that I enjoy repetitions as much as I enjoy repetitions of favorite songs and symphonies. I hear the same expression of permanent interest from other phonophiles. Adelina Patti and many other artists of the 1890's despised the phonograph and refused to record their voices. The phonograph was then considered a mere toy. When we listen to some of these marvelous records we do not marvel that the phonograph, once considered a toy, has proved one of the greatest contributions to the historical outline of mankind!

NOTE: Since correcting the proofs of this article I note in the current *Gramophone* that Christopher Stone conducted a highly interesting and successful British radio broadcast for which he utilized many of the records I have named. Why cannot some of the American stations follow Stone's splendid example?

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Why They Have Film-Voice Appeal

By GEORGE BRINTON BEAL

A dramatic critic seeks the final analysis of the vocal personalities of Garbo, Dietrich, Stanwyck, and others

YOU do not long remember what is said from the screen; you seldom, if ever, return to hear the same thing said again. You do remember the sound of the voice that was used in saying it, and you want to return again and again to hear that same voice in action.

The greatest weakness of the present development of the talking picture, considered from the standpoint of dramatic standards, is to be found in the dialogue written for the use of the players. The greatest strength that has been developed in the talking picture studios is to be found in the quality of the voices used in the dialogue.

George Brinton Beal

The voice you hear in your dreams is the voice that will carry its fortunate possessor to the full limit of motion picture fame. Acting ability one must have; by voice alone it would be impossible, or at least, improbable that one could reach popularity on the screen.

When that first, and greatest, of the musical comedy talking films, "The Broadway Melody," was released, two of its leading players, Bessie Love and Anita Page, scored instantly with the then sound-hungry public. Neither had what is ordinarially classed as a beautiful voice. Beauty speaking from the standpoint of music, is not an essential, although it helps.

What both these players had was a quality that held the attention and commanded the interest of its hearers in large numbers. And it must be remembered that large numbers must be attracted by anything that is to be much of a success in motion picture production.

The mysterious quality that wafted "The Broadway Melody" to record heights was that of common-ness. By common-ness no slur is intended; it was, nearer than it had previously been accomplished, the voice of the common people that was heard. The man in the street, Mr. Average Citizen, and the woman in the street, Mrs. Average Citizen, for practically the first time, heard themselves as they knew themselves to be. They liked it. They still do. And, unless human nature changes, which philosophers since the beginnings of things have agreed is unlikely, they always will.

The voice with "sound" quality must then, possess elements of the common, every-day, over-the-back-yard fence voice. Anita Page has it, or had it in the filming of "The Broadway Melody." So had Bessie Love, who in that picture scored a glorious comeback from near oblivion.

Seeking it today among the reigning stars of the screen, you do not seek in vain once you realize just what you seek. You will hear it in the even, chill tones of Greta Garbo. It is common, every-day speech, used with the adroitness and skill of an artiste trained in the means of putting emotional power into her vocal efforts.

Ann Harding, another successful present day star, recruited from a single significant success on the legitimate stage, is a quotable example. Her voice, thin in its upper range because of excess amplification, in all probability, has a rich quality of exceptional dramatc power below the danger line. It is the kind of voice you hear in the street, from behind the counter, in a casual bit of street-car evesdropping. Again, ability to handle it makes of it a valuable instrument.

A great many words have been written about Marlene Dietrich (far too many having to do with the ill-advised attempt to make of her a second Garbo), and her place in the motion picture firmament. She deserves better than a "second Garbo" rating. She is quite convincingly a star in her own right. Her intelligent acting of the roles entrusted to her, and more especially her voice, provide evidence of this. Once more it is the voice of commonality. To avoid useless repetition, let it be said once and for all, a voice like this is of no value unless its owner has also the gift of interpretative acting—an extraordinary knowledge ofhow to play it to the best emotional results.

Like Garbo, she is deliberate, sparing in her resort to mannerisms, eloquent of movement because of that. Her spoken words bite like the leadened lashes of torture whip of old. Her tones are usual, even ordinary, they need no translator, dumb-doomed or gilded with the most rare intellectual qualities, she makes her meaning equally clear, arousing emotional reaction in all alike.

The success, and popularity, of Barbara Stanwyck, is another interesting contribution to this royalty of the commonplace. Put Miss Stanwyck in the role of an ordinary, run-of-the garden variety of girl, or even worse, and you get a performance that is remarkable. The voice quality that is hers is admirable for such characters. You can listen to her voice and gain pleasurable reaction without the slightest attention to what she is saying with it. It has the power to warm or chill; to awaken sympathy or hate. It is a priceless gift.

A comparative newcomer, not at this writing elevated to stardom, although it would seem inevitable, is Loretta Young. Here again is the voice of the common herd. You have heard so many girls who speak as you believe she speaks, that you already have a friendly feeling toward her. She is—which, of course, Garbo and Dietrich are not—essentially an American product. Every tone of her voice carries the conviction of remembered veracity.

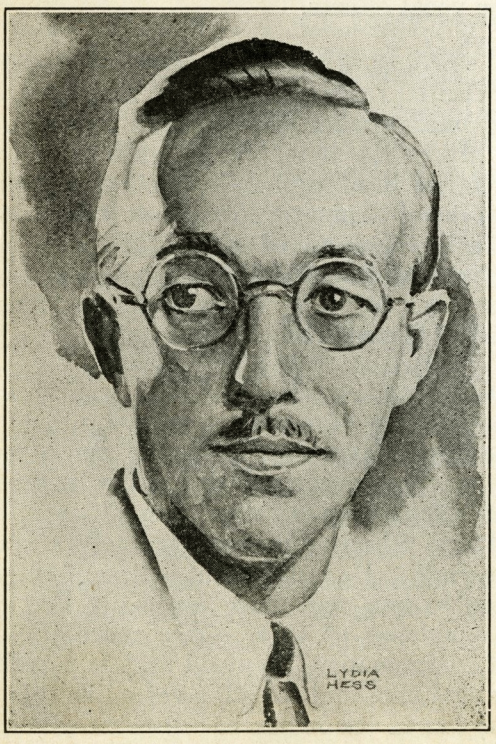
I have purposely taken all of my present illustrations from the women of the screen. There are two reasons for this narrowing down to a single sex. One is that in matters of emotion, men are more acted upon than active. The mainspring of most emotional outbursts can be traced to the women in the case. The other is that lack of space prevents any attempt to do justice to both sexes within the scope of my present article.

Men's voice, however, offer just as interesting possibilities for study. Just why Chevalier, speaking in broken English, is one of our most popular stars, is worth a passing thought or two. Why Walter Houston has succeeded in outdistancing the entire field of his competitors in the talking picture field, offers another fascinating subject.

"Wozzeck" Broadcast by New Principle

NBC Engineer O. B. Hanson explains parabolic reflector "mike"

GENIUS though there be in the score of Alban Berg's stark music drama, "Wozzeck," its key-defiant tones often strike cruelly on the musical ear. So much the more, then, might this composition be expected to be a heavy shock to radio apparatus. One might, in fact, easily have condoned dooming the opera as unsuitable for radio dissemination. Nevertheless, the national Broadcasting Company transmitted the rebellious score from the Philadelphia Metropolitan Opera House with a remarkable degree of success.



O. B. Hanson

The secret lay in the elimination of a group of variously placed microphones, and the use of a single "parabolic reflector" type of condenser microphone.

It is as big as a small parasol—say two and a half feet in diameter. In appearance it is somewhat like the bowl-shaped type of portable electric heater. At its centre is a condenser microphone, from which project four long rods.

O. B. Hanson, manager of plant operation and engineering for NBC, briefly explained to the interviewer the theory of the "single pick-up."

"Additional microphones create a condition very similar to bad acoustics," he said. "That is, there are several different sound pickups and several different sets of reverberations. This generally means hearing a 'fuzzy,' or distorted transmission and not a clean cut tone.

"This was generally the complication during broadcasts in which the carbon type microphone was used. Several of these were often used in a single radio broadcast to bring out or 'spot' different orchestral instruments or sections of a chorus. Acoustical interference noticeable as a fuzziness in quality was the frequent result.

"Now with the condenser type of microphone NBC engineers have found they can work over a larger range and eliminate audible aberrations up to a certain size orchestra.

"With the great symphony orchestra broadcasts, however, these microphones were so far away from the instruments that room noise crept into the transmission.

"The development and application of the parabolic reflector microphone by the NBC solved the problem. This device employs a directional sound reflection principle utilized during the late world war for combatting enemy air raids.

"The new microphone may be regulated to assimilate sound waves within a certain radius, just as a focused camera or a spot light's rays cover a specific area. It is placed farther away from orchestral instruments, or singers, than the ordinary condenser-type microphone. The result is a more harmonious blending of instruments and voices."

Columbia Announces

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The Bruckner Renaissance

By FREDERICK BETZ

A member of the Bruckner Society pays tribute to a neglected genius

IT seems a strange fate that throughout human history greatness is generally either antagonized or very unwillingly recognized. Illustrations in proof of this statement can be enumerated by the scores. We smile at the ignorance of by-gone ages who completely ignored or misunderstood or persecuted their great men, and we throw out our chests in the proud feeling that we of today recognize the inherent greatness of the famous names of the past, the inhabitants of various halls of fame, pantheons, valhallas, and other repositories of genius. But it is nevertheless true that we are doing just the same thing that our ancestors did in regard to the great names of their day. To be sure, we do not burn or stone them, but we have the milder form of inflicting the death-penalty: we ignore them.

A flagrant illustration of our attitude toward real greatness has been (and to a certain degree still is) the case of Anton Brucker. Although he has been dead for over a quarter of a century (a long time in our age) he is unknown to thousands of music lovers, misunderstood by others, and antagonized and vituperated by certain so-called critics. The chief criticism launched again and again against him was (and in some cases still is) that he is too Wagnerian. Wagner was condemned for being too Wagnerian. Today he is praised and extolled for being Wagnerian. He is the great master of the late nineteenth century. Because Bruckner adapted certain phases of Wagner's technique to his purposes, he is called a plagiarist and a shallow imitator, and what not. It is either not known or purposely ignored, that certain well-known Wagnerian effects and themes were written by Bruckner long before Wagner ever wrote them in his scores. But Wagner became known (after bitter and terrible struggles) and Bruckner remained obscure. And when some critics heard in Bruckner the more familiar Wagnerian music, what was more natural than to say: Plagiarist? Critics are, of course, only human, and one of the chief characteristics of humans is inertia. Hence the predilection for slogans, catch-words, hackneyed phrases, where a critic can conveniently cover up any lack of knowledge, taste and brains. At any rate, Bruckner was liberally treated to all the above mentioned epithets. As far as some critics were concerned, they had effectively and finally settled and buried Bruckner. But true greatness cannot be killed. Bruckner stayed alive, and today he is more alive than ever. In Europe he is now recognized as one of the greatest musicians of all time, as the greatest symphonic writer after Beethoven, truly the "Wagner of the Symphony," using that term deliberately, and without any of the aspersions that cynical shallow criticism might connect with it. Bruckner festivals are regular events in Europe, performances of great masses thrill thousands, and most critics of any consequence abroad now "admit" Bruckner to the Olympus of the Great Artists of All Time.

In order to familiarize music lovers with Bruckner, the modern and effective means of phonographic recording has been resorted to. One symphony (the 7th) and parts of other symphonies, are already available. The E Minor Mass in almost complete form, the overpowering Te-Deum (the finale of the Ninth Symphony) and parts of other Masses have been recorded. That is a beginning, although a modest one. There should be undertaken a systematic and earnest attempt to record all of the great works of this great and noble musician, perhaps one of the last from the era which may to future historians of music represent the golden age of music. In the present chaotic state of music, which shows many signs of disintergration, such firm and noble artistry as that shown in Bruckner's work is a solace and comfort to those for whom music still fulfills the function of an uplifting and inspiring element in human life. All criticisms levelled at Bruckner, when measured by the sum total of his work, become insignificant and trifling. Any with a still naïve ear and open mind for greatness as portrayed by music will at once admit that he is in the presence of a great personality when he listens for the first time to Bruckner.

European phonographic recorders are leading the way in regard to popularizing Bruckner. And that Bruckner recordings are selling even in America is proved by the fact that several hundred sets of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony were sold in one year in one city.

It is an encouraging symptom of the fact that the indifference and antagonism toward Bruckner's art are giving way to interest in and appreciation of his great services. The distinguished American critic, Mr. Lawrence Gilman in a recent issue of the *Tribune,* listed Bruckner's Eighth among masterpieces still to be recorded.

Let us hope that soon his symphonies and masses will be available in recorded form to all lovers of noble music,—and there must be many, for on Sunday afternoon, March eighth, when the New York Philharmonic gave its fourth performance of Bruckner's Seventh under the direction of Toscanini, spontaneous and enthusiastic applause greeted the conductor and his men, and some of the New York newspaper critics mentioned the hearty applause after the first performance on March fourth. Surely there must be Bruckner lovers in other cities too—in Chicago, for example, where Bruckner's Ninth was performed by Stock three times during January and February—who would welcome Bruckner recordings.

Toscanini
(from a caricature by Dr. Ricardo M. Aleman)

Olin Downes — Radio Hit

By LANING HUMPHREY

A glimpse of the vivid personality of the New York Times music critic

"COMMENTS by Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times" does not look like a favorite radio number. But that is just what it has turned out to be. The radio public has run untrue to form. The symphonic broadcasts under the conductorship of Toscanini and Molinari, with, in effect, lectures by Downes, were put on the air by the Columbia Broadcasting Company as an unpopular program, with a "class" appeal. But Downes made it popular. A vast contingent of the radio public have become his sworn friends, and, as a result, no longer consider symphonic programs too much of a mystery to them.

Fan mail has flowed steadily to Downes from as far as Australia. This is all very puzzling to radio experts. Music critic . . . New York Times. . . . This seems a curious approach to fan mail.

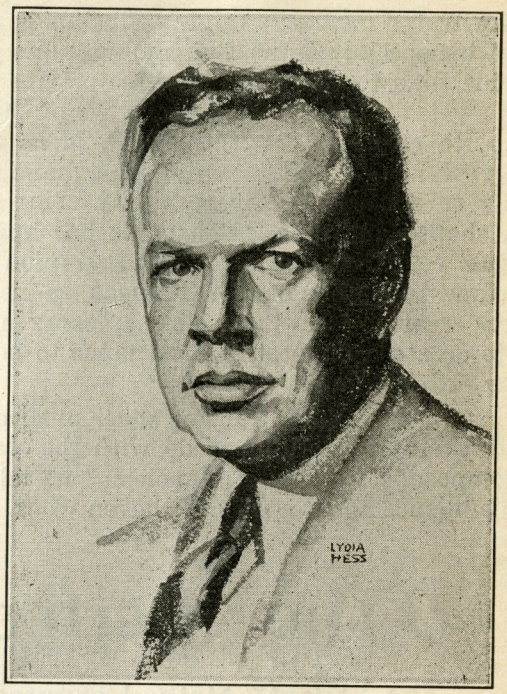
But the letters explain a great deal. Men wrote that for the first time in their lives they were able to understand and enjoy talks about classical compositions—and to like the music itself.

A young New York woman reported that she found the talks exciting.

Well, Olin Downes—age 45, but too energetic to look it; weight 210, but "solid" rather than fat—this big fellow really is an exciting—and excitable—speaker to meet face to face.

Downes puts on no airs either about being a musician or a critic. He is imaginative and emotional, but distinctly of the "vital" type. With his head often in the clouds, he manages to keep his feet on the ground and to talk and write like the vigorous and clear-spoken man he is. As for example: "I'm sick and tired of music being the private plaything," he snapped, "of a relatively small group of professional concert-goers, dilettantes, parlor critics, who talk, talk about music and never do really appreciate it. They make music a topic of argument, instead of letting it soak into their hearts and souls.

"Radio has broken the monoply on the finest music, and now that I've had the opportunity to talk about it to the thousands of people outside as well as inside the ranks of those accustomed to attend symphony concerts, I'm more than ever convinced that people have only to know the music, and form a clue as to its meaning, to love it."



Olin Downes

Asked about his views of phonographic dissemination of musical appreciation, he declared he was amazed by the range of musical literature covered, and the general excellence of tone quality and performance.

"What has been especially striking to me," he said, "is the fact that often very recently introduced compositions by contemporary Europeans can be heard and effectively studied here a long time, perhaps, before performance in this country—or at least an accessible performance."

When he warms to conversation among friends, he often amuses himself by rolling his voice mock-dramatically, and going in for gestures that remind one of listening to a "fight fan" describing a bout. (This adds immensely to the color of his story-telling, at which he is inimitable.) His temperament is of heroic cast. He does not merely speak or write for or against this or that music. He battles. He enjoys the combat. It does not take much trying for one listening to him or reading him to imagine him as swinging a bludgeon, a two-handed sword, a battle-axe.

He revels in music of epic mold, of power, of elemental passion, of stark drama. Yet there is none so quick as Downes to accuse composer, conductor or performer of merely shamming power by presenting the shadow instead of the substance —by artifices of noise, for example. And you will hunt far to find anyone of finer musical susceptibilities. For all his love of the epic, he will yet melt into helpless subjection to insouciant music devoid of an atom of the grandiose, and appealing sheerly by grace and melody.

As with the music, so with musicians. The physically and musically mighty Sibelius is an object of his special admiration. He knows no greater pride than to claim his friendship. He wrote a panegyric on the Sibelius recordings of the past year. He wrote to congratulate P. M R. on its issue reviewing these. On the other hand, he is willing to concede that heroes may come in all sizes, shapes and descriptions. He has huge admiration for Toscanini. He will champion a little fellow like Couperin or Rameau as being a greater creative force in music than some modern able to create a tempest of dissonance to no particular esthetic gain.

"This music was written for sheer musical satisfaction—it has nothing to do with the state of the composer's soul, or of Napoleon," he told one radio audience about a pre-Beethoven work.

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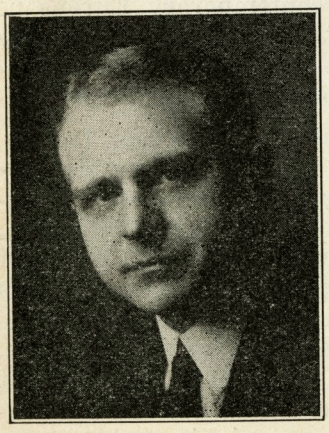
Downes is a scholar in musical history and biography. He is well versed in harmony, counterpoint and theory. He is an able pianist, and—as one might suspect from his extremely short-clipped fingernails — there is very seldom a day when he is not at the piano, playing and analyzing the music of which he talks and writes.

Olin Downes, certainly, has let music "soak into his heart and soul," and that is one thing that imparts to his voice a magnetic something that strikes his listeners through and through.

The "Perfect Voice" Fallacy

The "Silent" Method exposed for the first time in a musical journal

NOTE: THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW *is not as a rule concerned with the activities of musical institutes and "systems," but so flagrant an instance of misrepresentation and fraud has recently been exposed by the Federal Trade Commission and the National Better Business Bureau, without being brought to the attention of the general public, that in simple justice to the thousands of reputable conservatories and pedagogic systems, we wish to publicize the following material which has been denied publication elsewhere, despite its official source.*



William A. C. Zerffi

MAGAZINES for this month failed to carry a long-familiar advertisement of a correspondence course for developing the speaking and singing voice by a "wonderful new silent method" based on an alleged discovery of the true function of the hyo-glossus muscle and a system for its development. The Perfect Voice Institute's course had been selling at a "special rate" of $89.50 for thirty lessons, with a set of "scientific" equipment for imparting voice culture by developing the hyo-glossus, termed by the advertiser the "singing muscle." Thirty thousand pupils from all over the country had enrolled.

A vocal teacher of New York and Boston, William A. C. Zerffi, having a special interest in the physiological side of singing became serious when he read the advertising claim that a post mortem examination of Caruso's larynx showed exceptional development of the hyo-glossus. Writing to the United States Consul at Naples, he was informed that no such post mortem examination had been made.

Under a borrowed name, Zerffi also bought the course of lessons. A specialist in eliminating tenseness and strain, he found that the method promoted those very handicaps in the voice.

Zerffi complained to the Post Office Department, and after considerable delay the case was taken up by the Federal Trade Commission. Singers and teachers being by no means agreed on the explanation of various phases of the art of vocal culture, the Commission's attorney, Leroy Palmer, had a task. If the silent method of voice training was right, all others were wrong; but if others were right, the silent method was wrong. The art of vocal culture was placed on trial, so to speak, in a court of law, and as might have been expected, the silent method was declared chimerical, and its proponent on that and other counts relating to the methods of advertising it was declared guilty of unfair methods and practices, and ordered to cease and desist from using them in interstate commerce.

This was in January. Yet this issue of THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW contains the first full presentation of the facts in a periodical going to the general public.

Correspondence

The Editor does not accept any responsibility for opinions expressed by correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned letters, but only initials or a pseudonym will be printed if the writer so desires. Contributions of general interest to our readers are welcomed. They should be brief and written on one side of the paper only. Address all letters, to CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN, Editorial Department, THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW, *5 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Mr. Kleist on "Cuts"

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Mr. Gerstle (April issue) says the new Bruno Walter *Meistersinger* Prelude dispelled his doubts as to whether an adequate version could be put on a single record. By adequate does he mean complete? This matter of varying tempo or pace, that of cuts (Mr. Murdock's review of the Mozart Concertos—April issue), and the spreading of a composition over unnecessary record sides, greatly complicate record selection. Until seeing their recent supplement which listed it as complete, I assumed my Brunswick Kreutzer Sonata to be condensed, because the Victor version is on four records and the Columbia on five. I should not have supposed that different versions could vary so much in length, and yet if I remember correctly, Wagner says somewhere in his autobiography that he was told a certain conductor had taken twenty minutes instead of twelve to play his *Tannhäuser* Overture, so perhaps anything is possible.

The P. M. R., I realize endeavors to cover this point in the case of more important recordings. On the other hand mention is seldom made of cuts in overtures. I hesitated for some time before buying Stock's *Russlan and Ludmilla* chiefly because, being on a single record side, I feared it was incomplete, and that a two-part version might appear. And what *is* the usual original length of a Strauss Waltz? Recently I was fortunate enough to obtain Shilkret's two-part *Tales of the Vienna Woods,* now withdrawn from the catalogue, and if the existing three and four-part recordings are as much of an improvement over Shilkret's as the latter is over my old Mengelberg single-side version, I think I shall add no more badly cut Strauss waltzes to my collection.

What Montaigne said of books, that "every abridgement of a good book is a foolish abridgement" applies with equal force to music. With respect to records, of course, the price consideration fully justifies the practice, provided one knows how much is missing. It is to be hoped that Mr. Murdock's suggestion in this regard will be heeded by the record manufacturers.

Denver, Colorado H. E. KLEIST

Exceptional Dance Music

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I have been a reader of the P. M. R. for several years and I have never seen a letter concerning dance music in your correspondence columns. To be sure there are very few people who collect dance records, for the reason that there are so few that are worth while. My own tastes are for classical music, but in my collection are eighteen dance, or if you prefer, "jazz" records with which I administer to my "baser" wants.

The "jazz" records I refer to are those made by Coon-Sanders Orchestra. The records I have in my collection (all eighteen) are recorded by this organization. I have never heard such clever orchestrations in dance music, some of them are almost on a par with Berlioz or Rimsky-Korsakow's best efforts. I have in mind particularly "My Ball and Chain" (Victor 21812) and "Sluefoot" (Victor 21305). Cleverness is to be admired in any field, and there are artists in all fields. Surely just because a person likes Brahms, Beethoven, and Bach he is not incapable of enjoying some clever "jazz". But it must be clever, and there is too little originality and cleverness in this field.

The classical records are, of course, the real meat, but now and then nearly everyone enjoys a bit of ice cream. For any one who wishes to "clear the air" after some very heavy orchestral or vocal music, I would heartily recommend a dance record by Carleton Coon, Joe Sanders and their Orchestra.

Camden, N. J. W. A. O.

Tango Discs and "Fandangophiles"

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Absence from the city prevented an earlier acknowledgement of your valued favor of three or four weeks ago, regarding a letter for publication on the difficulties of a lover of recorded Tango music in acquiring a representative collection.

Remembering that this form of music appears only infrequently in the American and Canadian catalogues and that the interest is limited, according to musicians, I am led to speculate on the causes of the inevitable surrender of heart which the savage melancholy and the narcotic spell of this music imposes on certain temperaments, with or without musical culture. It is to these a powerful evocation of the nomadic element of alien landscapes sombre and forbidding, of ancient grief, inappeasable longing, elemental joys, tropic passions, bringing with its strange idiom an exaltation of spirit that such masters of this form of music as the comparatively unknown composers of "La Tango du Rêve," "The Gypsy Soul," "Tuya-Indiana," "Frivolous Girl," "Verna Milonga," etc., know the secret of.

Is there no extended literature on this school of composition and this exotic form of musical expression?

Mr. W. S. Marsh in his articles on the recorded music of Latin America placed readers like myself under a debt of gratitude for his intensely interesting account, brief though it was, of the work of several writers who have compositions in this form to their credit.

Can any of your readers refer me to an extended work on the subject? I am curious to know the relationship, if any, between this form and the types employed in Gypsy music. I have read Franz Liszt's volumes on Gypsy music, but there is no elucidation of course of this modern development. Such Gypsy music as "Night Life in Moscow," "Dark Eyes," and "Two Guitars," have an enthralling effect, also on the Fandangophile (for the sake of euphonism I revert to the original form of the word Tango). Irving Brown in his "Deep Song" deals with Gypsy music in a style altogether absorbing to "afecionados" of the Romany race. Any information regarding this question, and as to the source of an adequate collection of the records that delight so much, would be prized.

Hamilton, Canada J. A.

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I can sympathize fully with J. A., as I know by experience the difficulties to be encountered in acquiring records of, and information concerning, the music of which this correspondent has discovered the charm.

I know of no extended literature on this particular style of music. Irving Brown's "Deep Song," which J. A. mentions, is one of the best books on Spanish Gypsy music with which I am familiar. It is also written in an unusually sympathetic style; and typographically it is a delight to the eye. The bibliography which it gives is very good; but its discography is rather meager. It might not be unethical, in this connection, to mention that my "Musical Spain from A to Z" lists a great many records, not only of Andalusian music, but also of all the rest of Spain, as well as of Spanish America. The Spanish supplements of the Victor and Columbia companies also list many fine recordings. In addition, Victor has a special catalog of *cante flamenco* records. In these catalogs will be found recordings by such famous *cantaores* as Chacon, Escasena, Nino de Marchena, Nina de Los Peines, Manuel Centeno, José Cepero, and Manuel Vallejo; also of noted guitarists such as Ramon Montoya and Miguel Borrull.

As to the *tango Argentino*, there are scores of recordings of them. Like the fox trot, many of them are without interest; occasionally, however, there is one which stands out above the others for its distinctive and original qualities. Whether or not there is any direct relationship between the Argentine dance and Gipsy music, I do not know. The rhythm of the tango accompaniment is that of the habanera, which Friedenthal attributes to the Negro. Some of the melodies do suggest Gipsy characteristics, and it is very possible they were brought into Argentina by Spanish Gipsies. However, I have no definite authority that confirms that conjecture.

Lakewood, R. I. W. S. MARSH

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The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended
Vocals Columbia Vocal Ensemble

*This record is offered for sale in the United States of America and Canada only.

† Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Gems From Former Releases

Interest in new recordings sometimes obscures the excellence of many recordings previously issued. Below we list a few of the outstanding among these.

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Tales from the Vienna Woods (Strauss; Op. 325)
Morgenblatter (Morning Journals) (Strauss; Op. 279)
Waltzes Johann Strauss and Symphony Orchestra
50072-D 12 inch, 1.25

In a Persian Market (Ketelbey)
In a Monastery Garden (Ketelbey) Male Choruses
Odeon Orchestra
50077-D 12 inch, 1.25

On the Beautiful Blue Danube—Waltz—In 2 Parts
(Johann Strauss) Felix Weingartner and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
50084-D 12 inch, 1.25

Damnation of Faust: Dance of the Sylphs (Berlioz)
Damnation of Faust: Rákóczy March (Berlioz) Instrumental
Sir Hamilton Harty and Hallé Orchestra
50086-D 12 inch, 1.25

Traviata Selections—In 2 Parts (Verdi) Instrumental
Dajos Bela and His Orchestra
50096-D 12 inch, 1.25

The Bat (Die Fledermaus): Selection—In 2 Parts (J. Strauss)
Instrumental
Johann Strauss and Symphony Orchestra
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Jungle Drums (Ketelbey) Instrumental
Band of H. M. Grenadier Guards
50124-D 12 inch, 1.25

Indian Love Lyrics (Woodforde-Finden) (a) Temple Bells; (b)
Less Than the Dust (c) Kashmiri Song (d) Till I Wake
Organ Solo G. T. Pattman
Played on the Compton Theatre Organ, Astoria Theatre, London
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The Chorister's Dream (Ward)
The Londonderry Air (Traditional—arr. Sear)
J. H. Squire Celeste Octet

2418-D 10 inch, **75c**
The Middy March (Alford)
Faithful and Bold March (Rust)
Grenadier Guards Band, conducted by Captain George Miller

50288-D 12 inch, **$1.25**
Marche Slave—In 2 parts (Tschaikowsky)
Grenadier Guards Band, conducted by Captain George Miller

DANCE RECORDS

2428-D 10 inch, **75c**
Egyptian-Ella (Incidental Singing by Ted Lewis)
I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby **Fox Trots**
Ted Lewis and His Band

2423-D 10 inch, **75c**
Oh, Donna Clara (from "The Wonder Bar") **Tango Fox Trot**
Elizabeth (from "The Wonder Bar") **Fox Trot**
Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians

2426-D 10 inch, **75c**
Learn to Croon (from "You Said It")
You Said It (from "You Said It") **Fox Trots**
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra

2421-D 10 inch, **75c**
The One Man Band
Smile, Darnya, Smile **Fox Trots**
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra

2422-D 10 inch, **75c**
Mama Inez (Oh! Mom-e-nez)
African Lament **Rumba Fox Trots**
Enrique Madriguera and His Rumba Orchestra

2434-D 10 inch, **75c**
Adiós
Siboney **Rumba Fox Trots**
Enrique Madriguera and His Rumba Orchestra

2430-D 10 inch, **75c**
Say a Little Prayer for Me
Out of Nowhere **Fox Trots**
Smith Ballew and His Orchestra

2427-D 10 inch, **75c**
Got the Bench—Got the Park
I'm the Last One Left on the Corner **Fox Trots**
Fred Rich and His Orchestra

2429-D 10 inch, **75c**
Little Sweetheart of the Mountains
For You **Waltzes**
Joe Green's Marimba Band

2415-D 10 inch, **75c**
Basin Street Blues
Beale Street Blues **Fox Trots**
The Charleston Chasers, under direction of Bennie Goodman

2414-D 10 inch, **75c**
Sweet and Hot (from "You Said It")
I've Found What I Wanted in You **Fox Trots**
Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra

2416-D 10 inch, **75c**
I've Got Five Dollars (from "America's Sweetheart")
We'll Be the Same (from "America's Sweetheart")
Fox Trots Emerson Gill and His Orchestra

VOCAL RECORDS

2417-D 10 inch, **75c**
Walkin' My Baby Back Home
I've Got Five Dollars (from "America's Sweetheart")
Lee Morse and Her Blue Grass Boys

2436-D 10 inch, **75c**
The Tune That Never Grows Old
By My Side
Lee Morse and Her Blue Grass Boys

2435-D 10 inch, **75c**
Chidlins (from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production "The Southerner") **Male Quartet** The Rondoliers
You'll Be Mine in Apple Blossom Time **Vocal Duet**
Helen Rowland and Paul Small

2420-D 10 inch, **75c**
Prairie Skies Charles Lawman with The Rondoliers
Wabash Moon Charlie Lawman

Attila — Cut-Out Melba Discs

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

May I supplement the information given in Mr. Aleman's letter concerning Verdi's "Attila?" Besides the records he mentions, Victor issued in 1906 a black label record of "Praise Ye." I have a copy of this record, sung by an ensemble called "The Schubert Trio," which, if my ears do not deceive me, was composed of Harry Macdonough (now laboratory director for Columbia), tenor; Frank C. Stanley, who has been dead these twenty years, bass; and Elizabeth Wheeler, soprano. I believe the number of this record is 4913. I have never heard of any other records by this trio.

The Melba article was of interest. In the Victor Red Seal catalog for March, 1907, there is a long list of records by the soprano, across which is stamped in red an announcement that the records have been cancelled and that the diva has postponed an engagement in Europe to remake them. The majority of this list does not appear in the Victor cut-out catalog, nor in the H. M. V. Historical Catalog. I will be glad to give the names and numbers of these antique selections to anyone who might like to have special pressings made of these veritable rarities, which are still obtainable directly from the Victor Company.

Marion, Virginia — ULYSSES J. WALSH

More Ponselle!

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I should like to inquire, through your "Neglect Column," the cause of so few releases of Rosa Ponselle's recordings of late. Miss Ponselle has served record fans well with her beautiful "Norma" discs, the thrilling "Aida" finale (with Martinelli) and "La Forza" arias and concerted numbers.

There are still many operatic and concert stage favorites to find their way on to the wax. When one considers the beauty of the voice and how well it records, one cannot but wish that the manufacturers would give the phonophile a "break" and issue Ponselle recordings with the same profuseness as they issue those of lesser artists.

Far Rockaway, N. Y. — THEODORE B. HANNA

Some Outstanding Artists of The Past

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that some Lilli Lehmann records are available. They are being specially pressed by the Parlophone people for a group of subscribers. If one will write immediately to Mr. Desmond C. Shawe-Taylor, Greenlabes, Burnham, Bucks, England, I think it will not be too late for ordering. Following is a list of the records. They are all double-sided.

1. Norma—"Casta Diva"
2. Il Seraglio—"Ach, ich liebte" and "Martern aller Arten"
3. Fidelio—Leonora's aria (2 sides)
4. Don Giovanni—Donna Anna's Vengeance Aria (2 sides)
5. Traviata—"Ah, fors' è lui" and "Sempre Libera"
6. Don Giovanni—"Uber alles bleibst du teuer" (Non mi dir) (2 sides)
7. Cosi fan tutte—Letter duet, and "Ich wähle mir" (with H. Helbig)

The Fidelio and Seraglio records are twelve-inch, the remainder ten and three-quarters inch. The cost, I am fairly sure, will not exceed 8s. 6d. (something like $2.00) each for the two twelve-inch discs, and 7s. ($1.75) each for the others. I believe that the price will be reduced in proportion to the increase in the number of subscribers, though of this I am not positive. I suggest that anyone who wishes them order without delay, as I think there is but a little time left.

Rummaging through some back numbers of your magazine, I find in the issue of August, 1930, an inquiry of "B. D." concerning Roland Hayes' old Vocalion records. If "B. D." has not been enlightened sometime during the eight or nine months since his writing, it may interest him to know that there are yet two discs available:

Vocalion 1073: Go Down Moses, and By an' By.
1074: Steal Away, and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

I should appreciate very much your telling me if you know whether other recordings have been made of the following artists: Milka Terning, Melanie Kurt, Amalie Weiss (Joachim), Albert Niemann, or Eleonora Duse—the great Italian actress. Also Emil Fischer, Amalie Materna, or Jean-Baptiste Faure. I will be very thankful for some information concerning these records.

It may also interest you to know that Caruso, Emma Albani, Jean-Louis Lassalle, and Sarah Bernhardt, among others of note, made Pathé records many years ago. Victor Maurel recorded for some European company, too. But where under the sun can one get a peek at one of these rarities?

Los Angeles, California — J. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Through the kindness of Mr. H. E. Kleist, a frequent contributor to these columns, I have had the pleasure of hearing the first Roland Hayes record mentioned by J. M. Despite its age, the recording gives an excellent idea of the recording potentialities of Hayes' voice. It is unfortunate that he has not yet been recorded electrically.

Dr. Ricardo M. Alemán
(from an auto-caricature)

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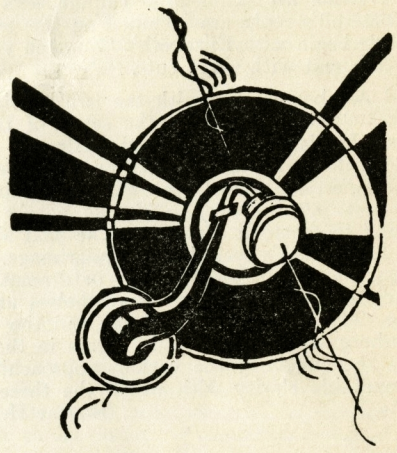
The Bayreuth Tannhaeuser

WAGNER: *Tannhaeuser.* sung in German by BAYREUTH FESTIVAL soloists and chorus, with orchestra conducted by KARL ELMENDORFF. COLUMBIA Operatic Series No. 8. (18 D12s, alb., $36.00).

Tannhaeuser	Sigismund Pilinszky
Bitterolf	Georg von Tschurtschenthaler
Wolfram von Eschenbach	Herbert Janssen
Landgraf-Hermann	Ivar Andrésen
Elisabeth	Maria Mueller
Venus	Ruth Jost Arden
Shepherd	Erna Berger

Sirens, Chorus of elder and younger pilgrims, Minnesinger, and knights and ladies.

The Bayreuth Festival Orchestra conducted by KARL ELMENDORFF



At last, America is coming to be considered as nearly at a par with Europe as the almost simultaneous release of this set, involving an expenditure of many thousands of dollars, in England and American shows. We had to wait a year for the *Tristan,* during which time, moreover, certainly at least half of the total number of people who eventually brought it got it in the imported pressings. The best way to prove how worthy we are of such consideration is to buy the release forthwith.

Although musically, of course, *Tannhäuser* cannot compare in interest with *Tristan,*—mechanically, and in certain respects of interpretation this set is definitely superior to the former one. Perfection is still to be attained, but in general, especially in the last act the relation of voices and orchestra is much better than ever before; on the other hand, even now, the soloist is occasionally placed so near to the microphone that the voice blasts (compare *Tannhäuser,* in the first scene). Incidentally it might be mentioned that the surface throughout is almost perfect.

The company as a whole has all the uniformly good standard traditionally associated with Bayreuth. Perhaps the other singer of outstanding merit is Herbert Janssen who interprets the part of Wolfram with the utmost artistry and vocal beauty. Ruth Jost-Arden, who sings the important role of Venus better than we are accustomed to hear it in America, is next in rank. Maria Mueller is an old stand-by at the Metropolitan and here again proves her competence. The Tannhäuser Pilinszky, is certainly the least admirable of the interpretations, but we in America, with our notable lack of good Wagnerian tenors, cannot really complain too much. In the matter of the conductor it is a great misfortune that it should not have been possible to have Toscanini whose Tannhäuser was the sensation of the last Bayreuth season; but Elmendorff is by no means negligible and has already had recording experience.

What really makes this set of first importance to every real lover of Wagner are the first eleven sides which include, without the excision of a single bar the revised Venusberg Scene as Wagner wrote it at the height of his powers for the Paris performance of 1861, fifteen years after the rest of the opera, having meantime composed the greater part of the *Ring* and, most recently, *Tristan.* The development and extension exhibited by even the most cursory comparison of the two versions is quite astounding; the molten fire of the Bacchanale is quite new, the greatly amplified and enriched part of Venus is a long way from her rather modern and conventional music as formerly written, and even the strophes of Tannhäuser's "Hymn" are given added interest by orchestral introductions, etc. A detailed survey of the transformation has been made by Lawrence Gilman in his book "Musicians of Tomorrow." Very fortunately this section is from a mechanical standpoint, as well as from that of the conducting, one of the very finest in the set. The orchestral recording of the Overture and Bacchanale is highly realistic but at the same time beautifully balanced and sure in tone. The more frenetic parts are on the whole all that one could desire, but after having heard Toscanini's interpretation of the marvelous descending section, making up the last third—which I consider among the greatest of his recreative achievements—I confess to finding Elmendorff, or anyone else for that matter, disappointing. Indeed, it seems here to be taken in a rather perfunctory manner, which fails to preserve all the rich sensuousness of the music. A notable feature is the inclusion of the Chorus of Sirens, which is always so much missed in most performances. Lusciously sung, it is greatly enhanced in effect by a strict following of the direction that it should "sound like an echo." I have already mentioned the good performance of Jost-Arden, although she is inclined to a sloppy enunciation.

Although the immaturity of the rest of the opera in comparison with the introduction, containing several echoes of Tristan, is very obvious, the marvelous dramatic effect of the shift from the interior of the Venusberg to the calm of the valley does not fail, even on records. As in the openings of the first and third acts of *Tristan,* Wagner shows how already, with the slenderest of means he was able perfectly to create a mood and atmosphere. Erna Berger with her pure and flexible, but slightly colourless, voice is certainly the ideal Shepherd, and her singing and the English horn make this one of the most felicitous moments in the set. The effect of the approach and departure of the Pilgrims is excellently managed, and the singing of the chorus quite admirable. In the so-called "Sextet," the voices are distinguished with unusual clarity, and by his placing, Tannhäuser is easily audible above the others, as he is not always in an actual performance.

Another high spot is reached by both orchestra and soloists in the brilliant and always attractive Introduction and aria of Elizabeth at the opening of Act II. The first cut occurs in the duet but, although it is a conventional one, I find it less ad-

mirable than the others since the duet is rather a good example of the older operatic type. Scene III of this act between Elizabeth and the Landgraf is omitted altogether and part twenty gives the beginning of the Grand March. Distinctly Weberish as it is, it again shows Wagner's mastery of the brilliant operatic style and, with a few other similar examples, stands out as completely finished in contrast with the somewhat elementary attempts at a new method so frequent in the rest of the music. The performance is again very good, but the orchestra and trumpets on the stage are not sufficiently forward, especially after the entrance of the chorus. The extensive cuts in the contest scene are quite acceptable—if it is given complete at Bayreuth, there must be much that is wearisome. From the end of the march we jump to Wolfram's song, "Blick ich umher," which is enlivened chiefly by the lovely singing of Janssen. The apostrophes of Tannhäuser and Walther are skipped but Tannhäuser's scorn of the latter and Bitterolf's reply are included on the next side. The last three parts begin with Elizabeth's "Zurueck von ihm" and continue to the end with short cuts.

The Third Act begins only with the two concluding chords of the Introduction, leading into the scene of the return of the Pilgrims. Maria Mueller sings the "Prayer" with a full, sustained tone and a restrained emotion which are quite admirable. Likewise, in his celebrated song, Wolfram by giving us his best performance, makes us nearly forget how hackneyed and mediocre it really is. The next side does not begin until Tannhäuser's recital of his pilgrimage. Altogether it cannot equal, either in tonal beauty or dramatic force, the recent Coates-Melchior disc, it is nevertheless an impressive performance. The appearance of Venus and the recollections of the Venusberg are well managed. Again in the Finale one must admire the effects of the various approaching choruses, and the remarkable clarity with which the three groups are kept separate.

ROBERT H. S. PHILLIPS

Organ Symphony

SAINT-SAENS:—*Symphony in C minor,* No. 3, Op. 78, played by PIERO COPPOLA and an unnamed symphony orchestra—DENISE HERBRECHT and LUCIEN PETITJEAN at the piano. ALEX CELLIER at the Salle Pleyel organ. VICTOR Masterpiece Set M-100 (D12s, Alb., $6.00).

Saint-Saëns wrote the symphony in memory of Franz Liszt. This explains his constant use of the pianoforte, now for two, now for four hands throughout the work. But the piano tone is so entirely subordinated to the orchestral fabric and the overpowering sonorities of the organ that the effect is all but lost.

Time has not dealt kindly with the work. The opening theme no longer seems as agitated and dark as it used to. Although the composer eschewed the usual symphonic form, the combining of the four movements into two does not lessen the tedium of many of the passages nor make the lack of the accustomed repetitions important.

The first movement (i. e., speaking in ordinary terms) is not developed to any extent but forms the needed introduction to the rarely beautiful theme of the Poco adagio, which has often been played separately and in particular by the Boston Symphony Orchestra to commemorate the death of the composer on December 23, 1921. This melody is an inspiration and the orchestral treatment with the glorious support of the organ is by far the finest passage in the work. After this is over the orchestra and the organ lose themselves in a distressing contest of sound.

Of the actual performance there is nothing but praise. The orchestra has a beautiful resiliency, the organ, depth and power of tone quite unique. M. Coppola's reading emphasizes the peaceful contemplation of the Adagio and minimizes the threadbare quality of the remainder of the score. Somehow it seems impossible for the records to demonstrate what a wide discrepancy there is between the power of the organ tone in the last movement and that of the orchestra. In actual performance the number of vibrations are so much greater, that the orchestra itself is dwarfed. This is one of the exasperating points in the work. So much could have been done with another melody which should have served for the climax, unequalled in music of our times. But like the Tchaikovski piano concerto, the muse only smiled once.

RICHARDSON BROWN

Weingartner's Hammer Klavier

BEETHOVEN (orchestrated by WEINGARTNER): *Sonata in B flat,* op. 106 (Für das Hammerklavier"), played by the ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, conducted by FELIX WEINGARTNER. COLUMBIA Masterworks Set No. 153 (D D12s, Alb., $10.00).

(A discussion of this orchestration by Peter Hugh Reed will be found on page 168 of the February 1931 issue).

Such a procedure as the orchestration of a major piano-work cannot fail of arousing intense and heated discussion in many quarters, and for that reason, as well as for its purely musical importance, Columbia is eminently justified in issuing Felix Weingartner's orchestration of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata in this county so promptly. For my own part, I must confess (should it be with shame?) to objecting to such an act on principle, and in the second place, on consideration of this particular result. But whatever one's opinion on the controversial question of propriety, no one will, I am sure be other than glad that this great work has at last been made available in some form, although I myself still cherish the hope of also getting it someday in the keyboard performance of such a man as Schnabel.

The character of the first movement is immediately announced by the magnificently heroic theme with which it opens, and which is never absent from the music for long. From beginning to end it is a masterpiece. Developed by such perfect bits as the *fugato* on the main theme, it leaves one very nearly breathless. Extremely effective as it is on the piano, the movement has less to gain in its new dress than any of the others, except perhaps in volume. That it still remains as effective as it does, seems to me to be rather a tribute to the music than to the orchestration. As also in other places, the conducting seems a trifle stolid, and not sufficiently fired by the music's grandeur. The recording of this first disc is the best of any throughout the set.

The Scherzo is in the nature of a graceful interlude leading us down to the tragic Adagio. The instrumentation is here rather apt in its alternation between two tone colors—strings and wood-winds. The whole could, perhaps, be a little lighter. The third movement (the Adagio) I find least felicitous, although some parts are undoubtedly improved by the greater sustaining power of the new medium. When transferred to such expressive instruments as the strings, the emotion, aided by some questionable accelerations and ritards, becomes a little too over-rich for my taste. Furthermore, the great use made of the strings leads to obscurity in some places. The recording also has some decidedly bad moments.

The final fugue is really the most cogent *raison d'être* for an orchestration, and one which all must admit; when, as in the *stretto,* literally all one's fingers get trilling at once (there is a trill in the subject). even the most gifted technician must falter. Since, moreover, the music is not eminently pianistic it lends itself well to the orchestration, which is here quite happy, especially in its employment of woodwinds etc., in some of the episodes. Yet, in one or two places I still feel that not quite all the clarity that would seem possible with an orchestra is obtained.

In finishing, there are two points about the discs themselves which I should like to mention. In the first place, the old practice of having the conductor's signature (sometimes it has been the composer's) impressed on the surface is here again employed. It lends an added personal interest to the record and might well be continued. The other point is not so pleasant: there has been a very unusual amount of surface noise in both the sets which I have heard. After the virtual perfection attained in *Tannhäuser* surfaces, this is unfortunate.

ROBERT H. S. PHILLIPS

Kleiber — Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 2, in D major,* op. 36, played by the STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA, BERLIN conducted by ERICH KLEIBER. BRUNSWICK Album Set. No. 27 (4 D12s, Alb., $6.00).

The advance made by Beethoven in the two years between his First and Second symphonies is even more notable than that between the Septet and the First. The difference between the spirits of the two symphonies may perhaps be somewhat suggested by the difference between Haydn and Mozart, although, as usual, the comparison is in most respects inexact and unjust. The earlier work strikes one chiefiy by its spontaneous frankness and its youthful sentiment, which frequently becomes sentimentality, although never sickeningly so: it amuses rather than annoys. In this Second Symphony, on the other hand, one feels a calmness of spirit and a beauty which is a result of balance and restraint, which lead me to consider it, as far as I know, the most successful of Beethoven's objective works. That its objectivity is so pronounced, and so unusual that it must be taken into account in even the most cursory consideration of the work is forced upon one when he learns that the time of its composition, the latter part of 1802, was the time when impending deafness was becoming exasperating "cures" at the caprice of several doctors. To find traces of this in the music, however, would, I think, be difficult. The result is, as I have said, a serenity and absolute and independent beauty which are unusual but extremely lovely. Yet it is all very recognizably Beethoven.

The interpretation gives me a much better idea of Kleiber than anything I have yet heard, perhaps partly because the music seems peculiarly adapted to his special virtues. It does not require either tenuous delicacy, the lack of which was his chief defect in the Mozart German Dances, nor yet a tremendous emotional and spiritual energy, but rather a careful restraint and lack of rhythmic or emotional overemphasis. Kleiber recognizes these requirements and enters more fully, or at any rate more successfully, into the spirit of the music than he has done previously. This appreciation saves him from the attempt to make the music over-solemn and ponderous, as did Mengelberg in the First; and yet he takes it in all seriousness, as is well shown in the Introduction to the first movement, which is as a whole entirely admirable.

Even though, in the Larghetto, he shows a tendency towards slowness, the charming purity of the mood is nevertheless maintained by his complete lack of sentimentality. The Scherzo is a perfect delight, and by just the right emphasis, Kleiber is eminently successful in transmitting its light and capricious humour unimpaired. (The Trio, by the way bears a certain resemblance to some one of the Mozart German Dances). The Finale is even more gay and jolly. Fortunately, I think, the conductor resists the temptation to make too virtuoso a performance of it, but lets it dance along unhurried, but none the less droll and delightful.

From a mechanical standpoint, furthermore, I find this among the best of any symphony recordings I have ever heard. There is nothing sensational in the effect, but the outstanding features are smoothless and clarity—every choir is distinct. This very pleasant combination of musical and mechanical elements should make this an extremely popular set.

ROBERT H. S. PHILLIPS

Cavalleria

MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria Rusticana,* complete opera, sung with artists, chorus and orchestra of LA SCALLA, MILAN. COLUMBIA Operatic series No. 7 (10 D12s, Alb., $15.00).

(This review is intended to supplement the cursory one published last month).

I have had the opportunity to play over the entire set of Cavalleria records to gather new impressions since my review last month. The singers go about their parts with a vehement sincerity which disarms criticism although at times the tone is so big as to be alarming. I tried many times to use my Burmese needles but they wore down before the end of the side and the result was some comical reiteration of notes which was not exactly verismo and certainly not Sicilian. To be truthful, one must say that this excess is simply a natural result of the emotion of the music just as one finds in certain operatic performances. It is much more to be desired than straining after an effect that never arrives.

This Santuzza (Arangi-Lombardi) is the tortured peasant to the life. She sings her heart out and although it is not as intense as in Tosca the feeling of suspense (the action going on in the music) is felt continually after her outbursts of song. Turiddu is not golden-voiced but the vacillating lover is there even in the Siciliana before the rise of the curtain and Lola, the hussy, appears in song as the false din-wit she probably was. Alfio is the big noise, literally, at least and he enjoys his chances to the utmost. However he is not supposed to be lyric and his realization of it together with the urge he seems to give to Santuzza makes for some hectic phonographic moments. The chorus is good enough but not superlative in this case and the balance is not always as fine as in the past.

Personally I was most favorably impressed with Molajoli as always and his reading of the Intermezzo is splendidly done. I fear, however, that he feels it a bit hackneyed and this idea enters into his reading, although to a less extent than into that of Sabajno. I dislike to end this criticism on a note of pessimism because there is so much for which to be genuinely grateful but I wish that Mascagni himself could have conducted this performance. I'm inclined to think it would have made history.

RICHARDSON BROWN

Two Mozart Trios

MOZART: *Trio in G, No. 5* (K. 564), played by THE BUDAPEST TRIO (NICHOLAS ROTH, violin; GEORGES ROTH, 'cello; LYELL BARBOUR, piano). NATIONAL GRAMOPHONIC SOCIETY 159-160 (2 D12s).

MOZART: *Trio in E flat, No. 7* (K. 498), played by REBECCA CLARKE (viola), FREDERICK THURSTON (clarinet), and KATHLEEN LONG (piano). NATIONAL GRAMOPHONIC SOCIETY 161-2 (2 D12s).

Be it to the everlasting credit of our British cousins on the *Gramophone* that the National Gramophonic Society has eschewed "novelties" and gone straight to the fountain-spring of pure music in its search for recording material. For their Mozart alone every person of genuine musical sensibilities is forever in their debt. These current releases of two trios (seldom if ever heard in concert and even unavailable in miniature score editions) expand that debt immeasurably, for this is music not for the gods—for they have no need of respite—but for mortals, who can find here the surest taste of immortality.

Analysis would be sheer impertinence. That the works are made up of movements, allegros and andantes, sonata-forms and variations, is merely incidental. Their significance lies infinitely deeper—in their purity and perfection, god-like were it not for their gloriously human tenderness and compassion. The players know this and love the music for what it is to them, not for what they may be to it. Here is the antithesis of virtuosity. Musicianly as the playing is, delicately as its nuances of phrasing and coloring are handled, sweetly as it is recorded,—the players and technicians work solely for the glory of Mozart. The cool beauty of Thurston's clarinet, the sensitive grace of the Roths' strings, above all the exquisite womanliness of Kathleen Long's piano: these are lustrous jewels in the muse's crown. It is seldom that we are given so easy an access to music's inner temple. These four discs will have no appeal to the vulgarian, the sensationalist, or the shallow-minded. To genuine in heart only they are a ineffably precious oasis.

R. D. D.

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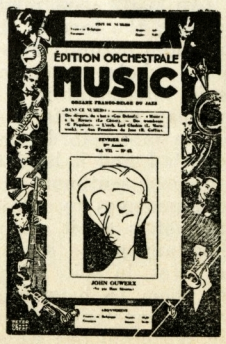

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ORCHESTRA

SCHUBERT: *Rosamunde—Overture,* played by the PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, BERLIN, conducted by WILHELM FURTWAENGLER. BRUNSWICK 90147. (D12, $1.50).

Although perhaps not at first hearing quite so sensational as last month's *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture,* this record is nevertheless fully equal to it in excellence. At every turn one is amazed at the perfection of each detail of the performance. Especially noteworthy are the calm slow portions of the first side which are played with an unruffled yet romantic grace and smoothness which make them a pure joy to listen to. Not less exact is the more brilliant closing section. As always the orchestra plays beautifully and is captured to the last nuance.

MOZART: *Seraglio—Overture,* played by a symphony orchestra conducted by DR. WEISSMANN. COLUMBIA G-5026-D. (D12, $1.25).

The opera *Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail* was produced in 1782. The overture, although not of very great importance, perhaps, is written in the most charming and vivacious manner possible. Dr. Weissmann's first and last sections are brilliant and spirited enough, but it seems to me that he tries to make too much of a contrast of the middle part, which becomes slightly over-sentimental and over-tenuous. Nothwithstanding, it is a thoroughly enjoyable record of irresistible music.

FAURE: *Pelleas et Mélisande—Prelude, Fileuses, Sicilienne,* op. 80 (three parts), and RAVEL: *Pavane pour une Infante défunte,* played by the PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, BERLIN, conducted by ALBERT WOLFF. BRUNSWICK 90148-9 (2 D12s, $1.50 each).

(These discs were reviewed in the imported pressings on page 63 of the November, 1928 issue).

Gabriel Fauré's incidental music to Maeterlinck's play *Pelléas et Melisande* was written for a performance in London in 1898. Originally the suite consisted of three pieces, of which the last—entitled simply *"Molto Adagio"* and played before the fifth act—would seem to have been the most important number. To these three was added the "Sicilienne," previously composed for another purpose; it is not included in the published score.

I must confess to being able to see very little in the music myself, but evidently Wolff sees a great deal to judge by the extreme care and tenderness which he lavishes upon it. In fact, he makes the records worth buying just to hear his performance alone. In the "Fileuses" he conveys the flowing movement to perfection, and the "Sicilienne" especially becomes a thing of beauty.

In Wolff's hands, the familiar *Pavanne* is quite new and more affecting in its warmth than one could have imagined, which is a strong additional reason for wanting the records. The recording throughout is beautifully delicate and lucid although in the "Prélude," for some reason, we cannot always distinguish the woodwinds as much as we should like to.

MOZART: *"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,"* K. 525, played by the STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA, BERLIN, conducted by OSKAR FRIED. BRUNSWICK 90144-5. (2 D12s, $1.50 each).

From the recording it scarcely seems possible that these can be repressings of the records mentioned on page 39 of the October, 1926 issue, but there is no other evidence to the contrary. This makes the fourth version of this incomparable trifle that I have heard within the last few months, and in excellence it stands next to the Barbirolli one. But the latter I still find unapproachable. In only two particulars might the present recording be considered superior; the tone of the strings is fuller (but not necessarily any more natural) and—a definite advantage—each side contains a whole movement. A mention of some of the differences in interpretation will permit the reader to judge whether he may not prefer this set. The first movement is taken a trifle more slowly and with not nearly the fire and vivacity which I find it hard to part with. The Romanza has not the gracious sentiment and delicately sccented flow which Barbirolli manages to attain, but is nevertheless very good. The minuet is a bit square and lifeless, and one could scarcely find anyone to surpass the fleeting grace of Barbirolli's Finale. Yet, in spite of all these apparently damning things which seem to have said I wish to say again that Fried's is a very competent version, and suffers only in comparison with the Barbirolli one which happens to embody my ideal. R. H. S. P.

MOSZKOWSKI: *Malaguena* (from "Boabdil"), and POSADAS: *Abandonado—Waltz,* played by the VICTOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA, conducted by ROSARIO BOURDON and NATHANIEL SHILKRET respectively. VICTOR 36036 (D12, $1.25).

Both performances are highly characteristic of their conductors: Bourdon's Malaguena clipped, terse, extremely forcible; Shilkret's waltz lyrical, insinuatingly sensuous. Posadas' lush tune is very ingratiating and Moszkowski's swift dance intensely animated and energetic. The two make a felicitous coupling, especially in effectively turned versions.

JOHANN STRAUSS: *Morgenblaetter—Waltz,* and ZIEHRER: *Wiener-Buerger—Waltz,* played by MAREK WEBER'S ORCHESTRA. VICTOR (International list) V-68 (D10, 75c).

Two of the most attractive Viennese waltzes in deft concert performances by Weber's invariably sure-handed orchestra. An excellent seventy-five cents' worth of appealing waltz music.

WALDTEUFEL: *The Skaters—Waltz,* played by the INTERNATIONAL ORCHESTRA conducted by ROBERT HOOD BOWERS, and *Wedding of the Roses—Waltz,* played by the DAJOS BELA ARTISTS ORCHESTRA. COLUMBIA (International list) G-59072-F (D12, $1.25).

Mr. Bowers gives a very neat performance of the Skaters' Waltz, and pays particular attention to his band's tone qualities. The combination of suavity with a fine waltz tempo flow is admirably achieved. Dajos Bela's performance of the less interesting Wedding of the Roses features a crisply played solo xylophone part, but is considerably overshadowed by the work of the International Orchestra on the other side.

IRA Importations

BUSSER: *La Ronde des Saisons*—Variations sur un Air Populaire, played by an orchestra conducted by HENRI BUSSER, with vocal autograph. PATHE X-8774. (D10).

HUE: *Le Miracle—Escholiers et Ribaudes,* and *Danse de l'Ours;* Variations et Final, played by an orchestra conducted by GEORGES HUE, with vocal autograph. PATHE X-8773. (D10).

LACOME: *La Féia—Les Taureaux,* and *Sérénade,* played by an orchestra conducted by GODFROY ANDOLFI. PATHE X-8769. (D10).

These three discs are well calculated to convince one of the excellence of the recording achieved by Pathé at the present day; unfortunately their work is all too little known here. Before examining them any more closely, one cannot refrain from comment on the very striking modernistic labels in blue, silver and white borne by the Huë and Büsser discs. It is an example from which other companies might profit. Likewise an interesting novelty is the "autographe vocal"; at the end of each of the aforementioned records the conductor, who is also the composer, gives one or two short facts about the composition.

The three composers here represented are quite similar in the style of their work and all three belong to more or less the same period. They could not by any means be called modernists, but their work, particularly that of Huë and Büsser, is typical of a definite style in French music: the orchestration is piquant, the harmonies not advanced, but on the other hand not old fashioned. The general effect is agreeable, even interesting, but it remains one of slightness.

Paul Henri Büsser, born in 1872, is especially celebrated as an organist, having been a pupil of both Wider and César Franck whom he succeeded in his post at Ste. Clothilde. The ballet *La Ronde des Saisons* was produced at the Opéra in 1905.

Georges Adolphe Huë, was born in 1858. This music, extracts from an opera produced in 1910, is chiefly remarkable for its clarity and lucidness—qualities typically French. The recording, which is extremely fine, does much to transmit the effect.

The suite *La Féria* of Paul Jean Jacques Lacome (1838-1920) is familiar through frequent radio presentation. The music, of course, belongs to an older generation than that of the other two men, and is one of the numerous examples produced by the superficial attraction of Spanish rhythms and atmosphere. Andolfi gives it a gay and sparkling performance. The wood winds are especially noteworthy R. H. S. P.

OPERATIC

GLUCK: *Alceste—Bannis la crainte et les alarms* (Banish all fear and alarms!) and MASSENET: *Sapho—Ah! qu'il est loin, mon pays!* (Ah, distant in my country!), sung in French by GEORGES THILL, with orchestral accompaniments. COLUMBIA 50287-D (D12, $1.25).

Two more widely contrasted numbers would be difficult to imagine! The homesickness of Jean Gaussin and the classic strains from Gluck's great opera are the opposite poles of operatic music and students of the subject will welcome the opportunity to hear them both.

Sappho, the opera, has never had a happy fate. A semi-success when first produced it owes its revival in recent years to the extremely vivid portrayal of Fanny LeGrand by Mary Garden (who would know much about Massenet in this country if it hadn't been for her?). Memories of the plot, itself, comes to light every so often, lately in the Garbo drama "Inspiration" and vestiges of it in Puccini's enchanting operetta "La Rondine." And who forgets the classic furore when Hamilton Revelle took Olga Nethersole in his arms up the staircase?

The chastely classic lines of the Gluck aria are sung with an adequate sense of style by the French tenor whose début this year, while not unequivocally successful, bears brilliant augury for the future. The other aria, is more his métier and he sings it with warmth and passion. The orchestral accompaniment is unusually fine.

WAGNER: *Lohengrin—Mercè, mercè,* (Swan Song), and MASCAGNI: *Amico Fritz—O amore, o bella luce* (Oh, love, bright guiding light), sung in Italian by DINO BORGIOLI with orchestral accompaniments. COLUMBIA 2424-D (D10, 75c).

Signor Borgioli's latest records are much better than his first. The voice is not so much amplified and consequently gains in sweetness and quality. The Lohengrin excerpt, sung in Italian by exception, is beautifully done, with admirable restraint while the entirely unfamiliar number from one of Mascagni's semi-forgotten operas is another valuable contribution to the rapidly increasing list of recordings from the verismo Italians and their school. It would be a pleasure to have more of them, and conducted by the composer himself. His performance of the dances from Iris and the Overture to I Rantzau have a sweep and power about them that all other interpretations of his music lack. I am still unable to understand the entire apathy of the world to the opera, Iris. Rarely has a performance been received critically with such contempt as the current Metropolitan revival. I am, however, perfectly willing to believe that the superb performance and setting that the Chicagoans gave it had a great deal to do with its effect. May I mention again that the Cicaleccio from I Rantzau and the Duette del Ciliege from Friend Fritz should also make interesting discs, being the outstanding parts of their respective operas.

RIGOLETTO—*Caro nome* and *Tutte le feste* sung in Italian by LILY PONS with orchestral accompaniments. VICTOR 7383 (D12, $2.00).

The coloratura sensation sings two numbers from the rôle which critics judge to be the finest of her American career. The childlike quality of the hunchback's daughter is emphasized in these selections rather than an unauthorized display of vocal pyrotechnics. The exacting high notes at the end are handled with consummate skill and it was interesting to compare it with the singer's performance on the air a few nights ago. The voice is smaller than the records show and the infinite pains taken in the recording laboratory have unquestioned superiority over the radio performance.

The more dramatic Tutte le feste, nominally a duet between Gilda and Rigoletto, also contains this dramatic emphasis and the result is again an extremely effective delivery of the music.

The skill of Mis Pons' singing aside, she will do well to cultivate this quality in all her singing because concert appearances have proved that she is most effective in numbers where the music in hand was more dependent on it than upon more florid effects. Miss Hempel had it and she was the greatest song interpreter among the coloraturas. The "repeat" quality of a singer's public today depends upon her ability to grow continually, in this manner, Mary Garden jokingly told me lately that she would love to see herself singing Gilda, standing in the middle of the stage, both feet firmly on the ground (or on the stair-case), grinding out Caro nome. However, if she had ever done it, that sense of communication, of the fitness of things which was the key to her genius would have manifested itself indubitably. That's why I like this record so much and every one of Lily Pons' listeners will enjoy her and call her back for the encores she delights to sing.

Columbia Export Lists

(Continued from last issue)

To mention the more usual releases first, we have a good work-a-day version of the arias Zaza, piccola zingara and Buona Zaza sung by CARL MORELLI (4129-X) and a coupling of the Herodiade Vision Fugitive and Cassio's Dream from Otello by the same artist (4131-X).

HIPOLITO LAZARO has made a really splendid record of the Salve dimora from Faust (4074-X), a coupling of E lucevan le stelle from Tosca and All'armi from William Tell (4116-X); and another exceptional record in a coupling of the familiar O paradiso and an unfamiliar excerpt from Vives' opera, Dona Francisquita-Mujer Fatal, which is typical Southern music sung with a native Spaniard's zest, (52075-X).

CARMELO MAUGERI, baritone, sings two melodious arias from La Forza del Destino, Urna fatale and Son pereda (4149-X) in fine style, as well as Resta immobile from William Tell and an aria from La Fanciulla del West—Minnie dell casa, in which the gambling sheriff explains his love at first sight for Minnie, (4150-X).

From the same opera, AROLDO LINDI (an American, Harold Lindau, who has Italianized his name for professional purposes) sings two arias, one the familiar Ch'ell mi creda in which Johnson begs his accusers not to let Minnie know how he died and the second a brief tempestuous bit from Act two, Or son sei mesi, when he tells Minnie how his life of crime began, (4108-X). These two excerpts are splendidly sung.

One of the finest records in the group is by PAOLO CIVIL, tenor, from Manon Lescaut. The aria Manon mi tradisce, is where Des Grieux reproaches Manon for driving him to disgrace for her and the other, Ah! non v'avvivicinate, where Des Griex despairing order to the guards not to touch Manon and in the next breath breaks down sobbing and begs to be allowed to accompany her, (4018-X).

The two other records in this group are historically valuable and well worth the acquisition from this point alone. The first comprises two arais from Mascagni's opera Isabeau, a variation of the Lady Godiva legend, which the Chicagoans gave one season with Rosa Raisa in the title role. Judging from these arias it is good sturdy stuff, and not as imitative of Cavalleria as Rantzau and Amico Fritz. They are the Canzone del falso and Or solo intorno (5152-X) and are sung by Carmelo Alabiso, who also makes a coupling of Loris' Narrative from Fedora and the Ah, si ne mio from Trovatore (4106-X).

The other record is from Boito's posthumous opera, Nerone, which was produced a short time ago at La Scala with so much ceremony and lavish *mise en scène*. The two arias are Vivete in pace and Ecco il magico speechio, and are sung by our old friend, *Enrico Molinari,* the Scarpia of the current Tosca (or at least he seems like an old friend after to listening to all of Tosca) (4113-X). These last recordings are a valuable addition to a library which aims to trace the last remnants of the later Italian school of opera.

RICHARDSON BROWN

The Bach Mass

BACH: *Mass in B Minor,* sung by the PHILHARMINIC CHORUS with the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by ALBERT COATES. Soloists: ELISABETH SCHUMAN, MARGARET BALFOUR WIDDOP, FRIEDRICH SCHORR. VICTOR Masterpiece Set M-104 (17 D12s, 2 Albums, $25.50). Available only as a special Metropolitan release.

While the general release of the American re-pressings of the Mass may not be expected for several months, the set has been issued as a special release in a few leading musical centers. The work was reviewed in considerable detail from the H. M. V. pressings by Robert H. S. Phillips in the August, 1930 issue of the P. M. R.

SONGS

QUILTER: *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal* and CADMAN: *From the Land of the Sky Blue Water,* sung in English by LOUIS GRAVEURE with SANFORD SCHLUSSEL at the piano. COLUMBIA 2425-D (D10, 75c).

The American tenor sings a favorite number and one only slightly less known in familiar style.

RICHARD STRAUSS: *Heimliche Aufforderung,* and HUGO WOLF: *Heimweh,* sung in German by HEINRICH SCHLUSNUS, with FRANZ RUPP at the piano. BRUNSWICK 85001 (D10 $1.25).

Brunswick is to be thanked again. It is a genuine source of satisfaction that they have finally brought out some of these great songs superbly sung for music-lovers in this country. My only advice in the matter is to order this record without delay. No music-library is complete without it. One hardly knows what to admire most: The rapturous beauty of the lovers' tryst (judging from the lyric it certainly seems to be spring) beginning with a toast of sparkling-wine and ending with the beauty of the moonlight, the gnawing pain of love for one's native land in the Wolf song (he wrote two songs titled Heimweh, the other of which is the better known, and more correctly titled in English, Longing for Home; the present song denotes longing for one's native land as the final apostrophe to Deutchland so gloriously attests), the spontaneous glamor of the great baritone's interpretation, or the splendid accompaniments of Franz Rupp. This is by far the best of Herr Schlusnus' American releases and makes one hope for many more.

Wanting You and *Lover, Come Back to Me* from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture *"The New Moon"* (Victor 1507) and *Life is a Dream* and *Without a Song* from the film variously titled, the *"Southerner"* and the *"Prodigal"* (Victor 1507), sung by LAWRENCE TIBBETT (both D10s, $1.50 each).

The New Moon numbers made last year were scheduled for release, withdrawn and then unaccountably brought out late last month after the interest in the picture had all but subsided. They are splendidly sung for all that and represent both the composer and the singer in their finest fettle. (I restrict this statement, however, to lighter music because it is still a matter of exasperation that a baritone of such thrilling achievements as Ford, Mercutio, Neri, Jack Rance, and many others should be limited phonographically to these trifles, however catchy they may be).

Oscar Strauss wrote the music for Life is a Dream in his familiar manner and Vincent Youmans contributes the sturdy melody of Without a Song—which is the best of the lot.

FAURE: *Sancta Maria,* and NEVIN: *Le Rosaire* sung by GUSTAVE LONGTIN in French with orchestra. VICTOR (French list) 5096 (D10, 75c).

Acceptable performances of familiar sacred numbers by a Canadian tenor, the "whiteness" of whose voice does not detract too much from what he is singing.

Columbia International

I have come to anticipate keenly the Columbia International list. Each month there is certain to be foreign records of a type to appeal to every phonophile. RICHARD TAUBER sings four selections this month. A German version of Just a Gigolo and another popular song in tango rhythm, You are My Star (G-5205-F); and two songs still in lyric mood, but of far finer stuff. Karl Kromer's Mach der Heimat möcht ich wieder and Schumann's masterly Wanderlied (G-5213-F). All but the last mentioned are accompanied by the orchestra of Dajos Bela, with the last by that of the Berlin Staats-Kapelle under the direction of E. Hauke. It is not necessary at this late date to say that Herr Tauber is equally at home in the lighter songs or in the classic or that his recordings are models of diction and interpretation. Perhaps this is the reason for his discs being the furore they are on the continent and the ever increasing success here.

That brilliant diseuse ISA KREMER makes her appearance this month in six numbers in Russian, Tchornyj Tom and Madame Lulu (20254-F), Zvezda and Vospomiania, (20253-F) and Bubentzy and Rossia, (20246-F). I have often commented upon the extraordinary manner in which Miss Kremer "puts across" her songs on records and the present recordings bear out my enthusiasms. Although I haven't the slightest idea what they are about they have an indefinable quality about them that somehow allows one to dispense with this and supply from the imagination. The first of these above named records I consider a gem of its kind and one that anyone who owns a phonograph will enjoy. The others are not far behind. R. B.

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Victor Educational List No. 10

The *pièce de résistance* of the tenth Educational list (less rich than its predecessors in larger works) is the long- awaited complete recording of Goldmark's charming *Rustic Wedding Symphony,* played here by the VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, conducted by SCHALK, Victor Masterpiece Set M-103 (5 D12s, Alb., $7.50), to be reviewed separately. The only other Red Seal disc is ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK's singing of Bach's My Heart Ever Faithful (from the Sanata "For God So Loved the World") and Mendelssohn's But the Lord is Mindful of His Own (from the oratorio "St. Paul") (7388, D12, $2.00).

The remainder of the list is devoted to songs from Fullerton's "One Book Course in Elementary Music" sung by RALPH CRANE and RUTH RODGERS, with orchestral accompaniments; and "The Music Hour Series," sung by ANNA HOWARD and EDNA BROWN, piano accompaniments by MYRTLE C. EAVER. Foster's Oh! Susanna, Carpenter's Home Road, and Loch Lomand are included in the six songs on Crane's disc (22616), and French, English, Dutch folksongs among the ten on the Ruth Rodger's record (22617). The "Music Hour Series" consists of two twelve-inch discs (36032-3), and two tens (22620-1), with from five to nine children's songs on each record side. As in previous releases, the singing is straightforward and unaffected, and the recording clean-cut.

Increase in Price of Tauber Discs

The Columbia Company announces an increase in the price of its Richard Tauber records, to conform with the celebrity rates these discs fetch in the European pressings. All ten-inch discs by Tauber will now cost $1.25 each, and all twelve-inch discs $2.00 each.

INSTRUMENTAL

Piano

LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No.* 6, played by ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY. BRUNSWICK 85002 (D10, $1.25).

One feels that Brailowsky is quite at home with this Rhapsody, for in temperament his style of playing is akin to the style of the piece. The quick changes from passages in the Chopin Mazurka tradition, to mournful melodies, and the sudden flight into nervous acceleration, combine to give the Rhapsody an erratic tone which Brailowsky understands thoroughly. His is not an erratic interpretation, rather one of intellectual passion. The recording is a bit too loud and metallic, forcing a brilliance on the performance which is superfluous, in view of Brailowsky's bright and resonant touch.

BACH: *Organ Fugue in G minor,* and CHARLES GRIFFES: *The White Peacock,* played by OLGA SAMAROFF. VICTOR 7384. (D12, $2.00).

Olga Samaroff has adapted this organ fugue for piano solo, and while it has not, as such, the intrinsic pianistic personality of the fugues of the Well-Tempered Clavicord, neither has it those unmistakable organ characteristics which oftener than not, in organ to piano transcriptions, produce an artistic inconsistency. In fact, considering, Samaroff's virile interpretation, the fugue achieves a clarity on the phonograph that could be rivalled only by the very finest of precise organists. She combines a seemingly effortless talent for accenting subject and answer with a judicious selection of climaxes, choosing only those which are spontaneous. The over-emphasis of minor climaxes in the works of Bach is a common fault among less worthy pianists but Samaroff has the good sense of not presenting the fugue piecemeal or over-nuanced. That she can respond to music which demands swift contrast in touch as well as temper, is shown by her playing of the White Peacock. Although they are birds of a different feather, Griffes' White Peacock, like Brancusi's Golden Bird, pursues his flight through the same impressionistic ether in which the Golden Bird soars. The one is "frozen music," the other is music so melting that it points the pathos of Griffes' sun having gone down so early in his promising life.

Organ

BACH: *Toccata and Fugue in D minor,* played by ALFRED SITTARD. BRUNSWICK 90146 (D12, $1.50).

Stokowski has made the Toccata and Fugue so deservedly popular as an orchestral piece, that it is a little unusual to find a recording of it in its original organ medium. Nothing new can be said about its superb and inexorable momentum, and there is little to be criticized in Alfred Sittard's version of it, except that at times it is too overpoweringly sonorous. The writing of it is fairly thick to begin with, and the utmost care should have been taken not to confuse the impression with a sense of unwieldiness of instrument.

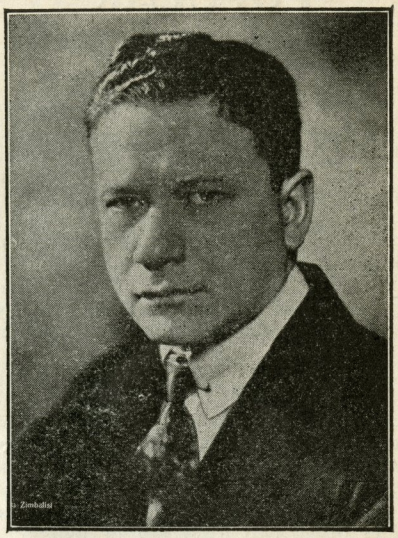
WIDOR: *Symphony No.* 4—*Toccata,* and *Symphony No.* 2—*Finale,* played by EDOUARD COMMETTE. COLUMBIA 50285-D (D12, $1.25).

Although these movements of symphonies by Widor, the distinguished French organist and composer who succeeded Franck as professor or organ-playing at the Paris Conservatoire, contain a paucity of original musical ideas, they are at least in the classical tradition. The toccata embodies the familiar cadences and scale passages of the eighteenth century Italian composers, with less of their majesty and more of our modern technical devices. The Finale is of a more boisterous character and is reminiscent of Gounod overtures and Bizet in his romantic moments. M. Commette plays them with his usual proficiency.

Violin

VICTOR HERBERT: *Badinage* and *Selections from "Sweethearts,"* played by RENEE CHEMET. VICTOR 1498 (D10, $1.50).

Badinage has in it all the good spirits and at the same time pleasant frivolity that we find in before-curtain music at the theatre. Its melody is charming and except for a peculiar



Efrem Zimbalist

Thereminesque swoop, Miss Chemet performs it satisfactorily. The "Sweetheart" selections, what with pipe organ, chimes, and piano, achieve a truly theatrical atmosphere.

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger—Prize Song,* and BACH: *Air for the G String,* played by EFREM ZIMBALIST. COLUMBIA 50289-D (D12, $1.25).

A record of The Prize Song for 'cello and piano was reviewed in these columns in the February issue, and I think—in comparing the song as a 'cello or a violin solo—the preference must be given the 'cello, for the darkly emotional character of the piece needs all the possible color and warmth, which the 'cello medium gives more successfully than the violin. Not that Mr. Zimbalist does not give it color and warmth, and a sweet tone besides, but it lacks body. Oddly, enough, he plays the air for the G string as if his violin were a 'cello, darkly. There is a kind of slowness which is not a matter of metronome tempo, but of phrasing. Mr. Zimbalist plays it a little too slowly in that sense.

WIENIASKI: *Air Russe,* played by RENE BENEDETTI, with piano accompaniment. COLUMBIA 50284-D (D12, $1.25).

This is a highly bravura composition with many of those tantalizing cadenzas which forestall the meaty parts until the violinist has had an opportunity to perform gymnastics with his bow. The Russian theme about which it is built is finally announced, in simple pathetic phrases, to be turned as one turns the record, into an intricate variation. Mr. Bénédetti has here made it a little difficult to detect the theme, and his tour de force cadenzas sometimes obscure it. But the exciting quality which made Wieniaski famous as a violinist comes out at the very last in a fiery Russian dance effect, where Mr. Bénedetti shows an admirable esprit. He has a large and sweet tone, but he occasionally uses it injudiciously during a delicate cadenza. E. Y. G.

Band

TCHAIKOWSKY: *Marche Slave,* played by the GRENADIER GUARDS BAND, conducted by CAPTAIN GEORGE MILLER. COLUMBIA 50288-D (D12, $1.25).

ALFORD: *The Middy March,* and RUST: *Faithful and Bold March,* played by the Grenadier Guards Band, conducted by CAPTAIN GEORGE MILLER. COLUMBIA 2418-D (D10, 75c).

The smaller disc is a coupling of two rollicking marches, tossed off without much polish, but with fine buoyant spirit. The two part arrangement of the Marche Slave (transcriber unnamed) is done with a great deal more care, and the tone colors are much purer than in the short pieces. Captain Miller's reading emphasizes the work's bombast and turbulence, but the more songful sections are neatly done, and the climaxes kept within reasonable bounds. The recording is a trifle coarse, but exceedingly vigorous.

POPULAR

Gold Medalist

FATS WALLER, a Negro py-anist and jazz organist, turns in the best record of the month—and several months in his debut disc for Columbia (14593-D), on which he plays and sings his own I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby and Draggin' My Poor Heart Around. Waller has been heard in some fine hot records in the past (mostly for Victor), but his delivery of the incomparable I'm Crazy song is superb, a performance that is genuinely amusing, tuneful, and packed full of both jazzical intricacies and personality. One of the rare discs in the popular lists that will be remembered and played long after the vogue of the song itself has vanished into thin air.

Ensembles

Columbia lists the only entrants, the best of which is the *Rondoliers'* crisp, vivid singing, to exceedingly bright accompaniments, of Childlins (from Tibbet's film variously entitled "The Southerner" and "The Prodigal"). The coupling is an inferior sentimental duet by Rowland and Small, You'll be Mine (2435-D). The other two discs are of hymns: Voice that Breathed o'er Eden and The Day Thou Gavest sung simply and with dignity by the *Columbia Vocal Ensemble* (2433-D), and You Can Smile and Rainbow Shining Somewhere in bombastic evangelical performances by *Homer Rodeheaver* and his singers (2432-D).

Starred Songsters

Chevalier and *Lee Morse* lead the field by a wide margin, the Frenchman in brisk performances of two peppy American hits, Hello Beautiful and Walkin' My Baby Back Home (Victor 22634), and the southern girl in her best recording for many months, Walkin' My Baby and I've Got Five Dollars (Columbia 2417-D), sung with the infectious gusto and virtuoso command of falsetto wa-was that have been so conspicuously missing from her recent output of sentimental ballads.

Crooners

Brunswick lists three *Seger Ellis discs,* 6050, 6076, and 6078, all well recorded, but not overly striking. The best is Handy's Loveless Love and Tie a Little String, on 6050. For the same company the three *Boswell Sisters* do baby voiced harmonizations of Wha'd Ja do to me and When I Take my Sugar to Tea, chiefly noteworthy for the *Dorsey Brothers'* accompaniments (6083). *Ukulele Sam* makes a good bid for Ukulele Ike's crown with When I Take My Sugar, but *Vic Lewis'* coupling—When Your Lover Has Gone—is negligible (Okeh 41494). The rest are ordinary: *Bing Crosby* making his first appearance under the Victor label (22701), *Gene Austin* (Victor 22635), *Lee Morse* in husky sob stuff (Columbia 2436-D), *Charles Lawman* in his own Prairie Skies (Columbia 2420-D).

DANCE

Rumba - Bolero Stuff

ENRIQUE MADRIGUERA and his Havana Casino Orchestra, *Wayne King,* and the *Brunswick Hour Orchestra* cater to the Spanish craze. The first has a fine band, and the elaborate percussion work is interesting but the conventional vocal choruses mar the effectiveness of the playing. The director's own Adios is a graceful piece; it and the familiar Siboney are smoothly played on Columbia (2434-D). More striking is the catchy, erratic Mama Inez (recently recorded for Victor as Oh Mama!) and an African Lament that gives good opportunity to the multitudinous percussion choir (Columbia 2422-D). Brunswick's orchestra furnishes elaborate jingle obbligatos to Amapola and Padilla's Who'll Buy My Violets (6067). Much more effective is a deft American adaption of the bolero, Speak Easy, played in very dapper fashion by *Wayne King,* and coupled with *Shilkret's* attractive performance of a very catchy tune, The Moochi, on Victor 22645.

The Wonder Bar

The hits from Jolson's new show have been represented earlier by European recordings. The first American performances of Oh Donna Clara, a slow tango, and Elisabeth, a gay fox trot, are furnished by *Lombardo's Canadians* for Columbia (2423-D) and *Emil Coleman* for Brunswick (6082). Lombardo does well with the fox trot, a resonant big-toned recording, but Coleman is nearly equally bright in this piece, and more neatly songful in the other. Neither disc compares too favorably with the original German versions.

Side - Show

The most interesting novelty of the month is Egyptian-Ella, done in very amusing fashion by *Reser's Jumping Jacks* on Brunswick 6081. The introduction of a barker's spiel and echoes of Luigini's Suite Egyptien are cleverly managed. The coupling is a rowdy, wise-cracking version of I'm the Last One Left on the Corner. *Ted Lewis* does well with a quite different arrangement of Egyptian-Ella, featuring a characteristic chorus of his own, and coupling a good but not extraordinary dance version of Waller's great I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby (Columbia 2428-D).

Leaders

Victor's batch evidence unusually clean and reverberant recordings this month. Besides the *King-Shilkret* coupling above, I like best *Shilkret's* magnificent performance of that grand tune, I'm One of God's Children, coupled with a coming best-seller, By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners, done here in smooth yet attractive fashion (22632); *Wayne King's* vigorous Hello Beautiful! (featuring some nice fiddle and trumpet playing) and graceful One Little Raindrop (22642); and *Johnny Hamp's* All on Account of You and Rockin' Chair (22636). The chorus in the last piece cannot compare with the earlier versions by Louis Armstrong, Paul Tremain, and Red Nichols, but the orchestral tone is unusually fine.

Columbia's best are *Ben Selvin's* dapperly treated Learn to Croon and You Said It (2426-D); and *Emerson Gill's* catchily played, sonorously recorded hits from "America's Sweetheart"—I've Got Five Dollars and We'll be the Same (2416-D). Brunswick is best represented by *Hal Kemp* (a highly original version of Would You Like to Take a Walk? and a spirited By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners—6055, and a very snappy Sweet Somebody to Love Me and smart performance of Little Joe—6071; *Ben Bernie* (a dark-toned You're Just a Lover and a bright I Have to Laugh—both exceedingly well constructed—6069; and *Loring Red* Nichols (a peppy Keep a Song in Your Soul and a very catchy Things I Never Knew—6068). Okeh's leaders are the Casa Loma Orchestra in a fine fast Casa Loma Stomp, coupled with *David Edward's* amusing, adept performance of Just a Crazy Song (41492—one of the month's best dance discs); *Buddy Campbell* in a cheerful Hello Beautiful! and a good vigorous treatment of Lonesome Old Town (41491); and *Fred Rich's* smooth, dark-colored Were You Sincere and I Surrender (41488) a melodious version of Would You Like to Take a Walk?, coupled with *Ed Parker's* bland Wabash Moon (41482).

The Field

Noble Sissle makes a welcome return with competent but not extraordinary performances of Loveless Love and Got the Bench (Brunswick 6073); and *Phillips' Louisville Jug Band* has some amazing sotto-voce, rippling playing in Sing You Sinners and Tiger Rag (highly original arrangements) on Brunswick 7194. For Columbia the *Pods of Pepper* turn in shrill versions of Get Off Stuff and You've Had Your Way (14590-D); Fletcher Henderson plays vigorous, not too torrid arrangements of Sweet and Hot and and I've Found What I Wanted (2414-D); and the *Charleston Chasers,* now under *Bennie Goodman's* direction, are heard in good, very slow and hot versions of the famous Beale Street Blues (2415-D). The remaining Victors are the *Memphis Stompers'* smoothly flowing I'm Happy and Love is Like That (22629), and *Dave Nelson's* rather colorless When Day is Done and I Ain't Got Nobody (22639).

HOT JAZZ

Minnie the Moocher

MINNIE is a cousin of Willie the Weeper and her adventureres parallel Willie's to the insinuating accompaniment of more interesting music, the antiphonal chorus of which is particularly effective. *Cab Calloway,* now at the Cotton Club, gives a good hot performance, but the chorus hardly realizes its opportunities. The coupling is an energetic Doin' the Rumba (Brunswick 6074). *King Carter's* performance of Minnie the Moocher for Columbia, somewhat more effective, has not yet reached me for review.

Ellington and Louis

The Duke shows to small advantage in I'm So in Love With You (why must he be saddled with conventional choristers?) but Shout 'Em Aunt Tillie is more characteristic, although hardly noteworthy (Victor 23041). He is much better under the alias of the *Harlem Footwarmers* in an Okeh recording (8869) of his great performances of Old Man Blues and Rockin' in Rhythm,—both marvellous tunes, as attested in the reviews of the earlier Victor and Brunswick versions. *Louis Armstrong,* now playing in Chicago, handles Just a Gigolo in his own inimitable style, but makes more of an impression with a fleet Shine in which his trumpeting and singing are in the best Armstrong vein (Okeh 41486).

Honors

Hot honors for the month go easily to *Blanche Calloway* and her *Joy Boys,* appearing for the first time for Victor, and playing knock-out versions of Casey Jones (a marvellous high-speed performance, coupled with McKinney's Cotton Pickers' scarcely less fleet Talk to Me, on 22640), and There's Rhythm in the River, done with magnificent gusto and breadth, and a gusty All I Need is Lovin' (Victor 22641). The choruses are of equal merit with the brilliant orchestral playing.

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TONFILM HITS

American Versions

THE best recordings of European film hits are to be found in the "foreign" supplements. The domestic performances are few and for the most part sadly lacking in distinction. Johnny Hamp plays Falling in Love Again ("Blue Angel") and Two Hearts in Waltz time in suave fashion (Victor 22638); the *Brunswick Hour Orchestra* couples Under a Roof in Paree ("Sous les Toits de Paris") with a likewise bland River Ste. Marie (Brunswick 6066); and *Harry Reser's* stolid reading of the Two Hearts waltz is coupled with *Fred Rich's* vivacious Don't Talk About Me (Okeh 41584).

Zwei Herzen; Das Lied ist aus

Besides the American versions of the popular "Zwei Herzen" title song, it is available this month as played by the *Saxophone Orchester Dobbri* with a fine gusty swing, albeit somewhat coarse tone. The coupling is from the same film, the animated fox-trot Auch du wirst einmal betrügen, done here with splendid animation and spirit (Columbia G-5203-F). Robert Stolz's success with the music for "Zwei Herzen" led to a commission to write the score for "Das Lied ist aus," and judging by the first excerpts to come to hand, he has rung the gong. *Dajos Bela's* orchestra plays the title song, a waltz of course, and martial fox-trot, Ja wenn das Wörtchen wenn night war. The waltz is an exceptionally haunting melody, done in Dajos Bela's best songful style, while the fox-trot provides neat contrast in the dapper bright treatment of its catchy tune (Columbia G-5224-F, a disc to be starred). Leo Frank's infectious singing of the vocal chorus is to be especially commended.

Ein Madel von der Reeperbahn

Karl Zander and a chorus essay a sketch-scene, Seemans-Chor, with rather ineffective spoken and descriptive passages. (Columbia G-5217-F; *Dajos Bela's* coupling, Auf Wiedersehen waltz, is more tuneful.) More representative are *Dol Dauber's* performances of the title song, a graceful fox trot, and a spirited tango, Mach' rotes Licht, wir wollen Tango tanzen, both played in bright, smoothly handled fashion (Victor V-6116).

Sous les Toits de Paris

M. Galiardin, de l'Empire, sings the title waltz and C'est pas comme ça in vivacious fashion on Victor V-5524, but neither this disc nor the *Brunswick Hour Orchestra's* mentioned above gives as effective an impression of the music as *Marek Weber's* Victor disc mentioned on page 206 of the April P. M. R.

Die Landwirtin vom Rhein

Victor and Columbia each bring out two discs of hits from this recent success. For the former *Käthie Dorsch* sings Zu jeder Liebe gehört ein Gläschen Wein, and—in duet with *Marcel Wittrisch*—Mein Herz hast dein Herz gegrüsst (V-6112). *Hans Heinz Hollmann* sings the same songs in Tauberish vein on Columbia G-5226-F. Dorsch and Wittrisch sing the catchy title song on Victor V-6111, coupled with *Marek Weber's* performance of Du bist mein Morgen und mein Nachtgebetchen, while *Dajos Bela's* orchestra plays the same pieces on Columbia G-5225-F. Fräulein Käthie is easily the best singer of the lot, employing her piquant light voice to delightful effect in both her solo and duets. Weber plays in suave fashion, but Dajos Bela's disc has an edge of superiority by virtue of its greater zestfulness and more interesting orchestration.

Miscellaneous

"Der Greifer" is represented by Im meinem Herz ist nur Platz für Eine, an attractive dance piece played in an effective arrangement by the *Dobbri* orchestra (Columbia G-5218-F), and coupled with a less interesting waltz, Wenn zwei so recht verliebt, from "Walzer in Schlafcoupe." The same orchestra also plays a first-rate dance version of Was bracht denn jede Frau leider unbedingt from "Der Korvetten Kapitan," coupled with a rather dull Leb' wohl Matröse from "Der Mongole und die Tanzerin" (Columbia G-5214-F). The brief piano solo passages are particularly effective. Finally, *Willy Kollo* sings Liebe für eine Nacht from "Der Tirger" and an original Warum hast du so traurige Augen in smooth sentimental fashion, to neat accompaniments, on Columbia G-5216-F.

RUFUS

European Releases

Double and Triple Track Discs

The latest phonographic novelty is an ingenious one, none other than a record with a double track needle groove, and for further refinement, a triple track. Regal (English Columbia) introduce the former, and H. M. V. the latter. The double track discs are marked on the outside rim so that one may start the needle in either track, getting a dance or vocal performance of the same popular tune. The triple track disc is apparently put out as something of a puzzler, as one is forced to find the three tunes on each side at haphazard. The idea is amusing, and—in the case of song or dance performances on the same record side—quite useful. Its application to more serious music seems unlikely, although something might be done in the way of recording the parts of a duet separately to enable students to practice with the phonograph.

Orchestral

Aubert: Habanera, Paris Conservatory orch. (Fr. H.M.V.)
D'Indy: Camp de Wallenstein, cond. D'Indy (Pathé)
Fauré: Masques et Bergamasques, Inghelbrecht—Pasdeloup orch. (Pathé)
Handel: Concerto for harp and orchestra, Lily Laskine (Decca)
Honegger: Tempête—prelude, cond. Honegger (Fr. Odeon)
Mendelssohn: Italian Symphony, Poulet orch. (Decca)
Saint-Saëns: Samson—Bacchanale, Wolff—Lamoureux orch. (Polydor-Brunswick)
Strauss: Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Krauss—Vienna Philharmonic (H.M.V.)
Widor: Korrigane ballet, cond. Wider (Pathé)

Chamber Music

Beethoven: Kreutzer Sonata, Hubermann and Friedman (Parlophone)
—Serenade in D, Op. 25, Darrieux-Moyse-Pasquier (Decca)
—Quartet C sharp min, Op. 131, Rose Quartet (H.M.V.)
—Quartet E flat, Op. 127, Flonzaleys (H.M.V.)

Piano

Albeniz: Chants d'Espagne, Vines (Fr. Col.)
Beethoven: Waldstein Sonata, Lamond (H.M.V.)
Chopin: Scherzo, Op. 31, Dupont (Pathé)
Debussy: Arabesques, Gieseking (Parlophone)
Debussy: 2nd Arabesque, and Toch: Jongleur, Dymont (Polydor-Brunswick)
Debussy: Suite Bergamasque, M. F. Gaillard (Fr. Odeon)
Fauré: Barcarolle No. 6, and Debussy: Bruyères, Guilbert (Pathé)
Granados: La maja, and Chopin: Mazurka C min, Rubinstein (H.M.V.)
Saint-Saëns: Wedding Cake, Herbrecht and Petitjean (Fr. Col.)
Schumann: Scenes of Childhood, Johnny Aubert (Polydor-Brunswick)
Strauss-Bass: Voices of Spring, Rehberg (Polydor-Brunswick)
Wagner-Liszt: Tannhäuser overture, Brailowsky (Polydor-Brunswick)

Violin

Bach:Sonata No. 1, G min., Szigeti (Eng. Col.)
De Falla: Nana and El pano moruno, Zighéra (Decca)
Saint-Saëns: Havanaise, Charny (Fr. H.M.V.)
Tartini: Sonata G bin., Szigeti (Fr. Col.)

Choral

Bach: St. Matthew Passion—Behold How Throbs and I would Beside My Lord, Widdop and Philharmonic Choir, cond. Scott (H.M.V.)

'Cello

Cassado: Requibros, and Haydn: Menuet, Casals (Fr. H. M. V.)
Delius: Elegie and Caprice, Harrison (H.M.V.)
Vivaldi: Largo; Valentini: Gavotte; De Laserna: Tonadilla, Casals (Sp. H.M.V.)

Diction

Molière: Tartufe—Scene 3rd Act, and two poems, Leon Bernard (Pathé)
German Language Course, Otto Siepmann (H.M.V.)

Operatic

Ernani, abridged, La Scala Co. (German Col.)
Favorita, abridged, La Scala Co. (Italian Col.)
Yeoman of the Guard, abridged, Columbia Light Opera Company (Eng. Col.), and D'Oyly Carte Co. (H.M.V.)
Barber of Seville—Largo al factotum, and Maskenball—Für dein Glück, Schlusnus (Polydor-Brunswick)
Faust (Berlioz)—Mephistopheles' Serenade, Vanni-Marcoux (Fr. H.M.V.)
Figaro—Air de Cherubin, and Magic Flute—Air de la Reine de la Nuit, Lily Pons (Fr. Odeon)
Figaro—Ich weiss nicht, and Ihr die ihr Triebes des Herzens kennt, Louise Helletsgruber (Parlophone)
Fledermaus—Finale Act 2, Covent Garden Co. (H.M.V.)
Forza del Destino—Scenes, Acts 3 and 4, Pertile, Franci, and La Scala (H.M.V.)
Hérodïade—Vision fugitive, and Thaïs — Ce terrible cité, M. Endreeze (Parl.)
Magic Flute—Der Vogelfäger and Mädchen oder Weibchen, Ewald Bohmer (H.M.V.)
Meistersinger—Gruss' Gott and Mein Freund, Schorr—Laubenthal (H.M.V.)
Meistersinger—Fanget an and Am stillen Herd, Max Lorenz (H.M.V.)
Roi d'Ys—duet-O ma soeur, Vallin and Sibille (Pathé)
Siegfried—excerpts, Melchior (H.M.V.)
Walküre—Farewell and Fire Music, Bockelmann (H.M.V.)

Consultation by Phonograph

(An editorial in the New York *Times*)

It has become commonplace to buy cigarettes from a machine which replies with a trade slogan and a "Thank you." The next step in complete mechanization of life is a means of dispensing medical advice in something the same way. The clinic of psychotherapy in Due Saint-André-des-Arts in Paris stands ready to supply phonograph records which will give learned advice.

One will only need to push a lever to hear a grave and professional voice pronounce sage words. No longer will the sufferer moan, "I feel feverish, worn out, full of aches and pains Better send for the doctor:" He will say instead, "I'm not feeling up to much today. Let's play disc No. 98765, 'General Depression.'"

If influenza breaks out in a city, there will be a run on the shops for record No. 1234. If measles or chickenpox threatens a school, all the pupils will march home with medical advice in their school bags. The hypochondriac can indulge himself, and spare his physician, by investing in a complete compendium of phonographic treatments.

Human attention and sympathy will be the only lack. Perhaps something of the doctor's personality might be supplied by providing with each consultation disc a clinical thermometer, a tongue depressor and a small flask of disinfectant or even a gray-bearded mask for the phonograph.

The Phonophile's Bookshelf

A Musical Banquet

DISCORDS MINGLED, by Carl Engel. New York, Alfred A. Knopf. 232 pp. $3.50.

Many hours of delightful reading lie ahead of those who take up Mr. Engel's distinguished volume. Whether the reader is auditor or artist, student or scholar—if he likes to read about music, there is something here to delight his fancy and provoke his imagination. And, sprinkled all through the volume, are tidy little facts to add to one's store of knowledge.

In one of his three important offices—he is Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, editor of "The Musical Quarterly," and president of G. Schirmer, Inc.,—Mr. Engel is known to music lovers everywhere. That he finds time to be, in addition, scholar and essayist, will gratify those who already know him and deservedly increase his fame.

A more inviting table of contents could scarcely be imagined. It is like the menu-card of a banquet, giving comfortable anticipatory assurance of promised delights. Introduced by a graceful "Appogiature," the essays are grouped into five precise sections. Enticing titles leap to the eye: "The Mozart Couple"; "Why Do We Dance?"; "Indecency in Music"; "Music, Melodious and Odious"—these are a few which tempt the music-lover to lean back and let time go on for a few hours.

Mr. Engel's is an easy-going and friendly style. In most of the essays, his maner is reflective rather than expository. In each one, the reader feels that an active mind is taking hold of the topic, elaborating it, amplifying it, clothing it with the richness of a broad learning. In such a vein is "Music, Melodious and Odious," one of the most charming essays in the volume, and one particularly rich in examples of Mr. Engel's vivid use of metaphor. Of the two contrasted words he says: "Here is the tonic of your critical scale and here its higher octave. The pedal point in all critical debate on music is that droning diapason: melodious—odious." But in spite of the apt comparison of the two words to a pedal point, they become, in the luxuriant unfolding of the essay, more nearly like the subject of an extemporized and freely-wrought fugue. And the sparkling exposition presents ever new aspects of the theme.

In similar vein is the essay "Music We Shall Never Hear," in which Mr. Engel dips reflectively into the past to recall scenes and figures long forgotten. They move before us in colorful procession: Carl Bach, Quantz and Tartini at one of Frederick the Great's private flute recitals; Beethoven reprimanded by Lichnowsky for his impoliteness to the prolific and then-more-popular Krommer; The Duke of Wellington kissing the hand of a reigning prima donna after a triumphant performance.

The essay on "Jazz," written in 1922, has necessarily lost some of its sparkle because of the time that separates us from the days when this music was a universal topic for musical debate. As sequel to the essay "Why Do We Dance," however, it takes on more than musical interest. For the latter essay, one of the most thought-provoking of the volume, discusses the role of the dance in the history of the race and establishes a parallel between widespread particpation in "profane" dancing and periods of national calamity and anxiety. And while it is true that this aspect of jazz has by no means escaped comment, Mr. Engel has illuminating material to add to the discussion.

Schubert—Fact and Fiction

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY. By David Ewen. New York, Modern Classics Publishers, Inc. 306 pp. $2.50.

The subtitle of this biography of one of music's most romantic figures reads: "A Story Life of Franz Schubert." Certainly the temptation is strong to deal with Schubert's life in fictional fashion. His precociousness, his unbelievable production, the neglect by his contemporaries, and his early death, all combine to place him in that tragic company of immortals from all the arts whose short and unhappy lives have contributed so richly to posterity's store of treasures.

Having freed himself, by his sub-title, from the necessity of presenting a strictly factual account of Schubert's life or a critical analysis of his works—of which enough already exist—Mr. Ewen allows his imagination to play about the events of the composer's life. The material thus added, while not in the strict sense biographical, nevertheless adds a welcome warmth and color to the narrative. The meeting with Beethoven is an example: what the deaf master actually said is a matter for historians to wrangle over; what Mr. Ewen makes him say does not distort the certain facts and gives the incident fullness and life.

From the book there emerges also a living picture of the composer: his chubby bespectacled face, his moods—melancholy and gay by turns. We enter into the musical life of Vienna, see its crowds at the opera, look in on private soirees, see Beethoven at work, join Schubert and his friends on rollicking days in the country; and finally, mourn with them at his early death.

Mr. Ewen, a prolific writer on musical subjects, will be remembered by P. M. R. readers for his article on Gershwin in the March issue of this year. He is one of the pioneers in the reviewing of recorded music.

R. S. A.

Color Music: the Art of Light

COLOUR-MUSIC: THE ART OF LIGHT. By Adrian Bernard Klein. London: Crosby Lockwood and Son. American agents: The American Photographic Publishing Company, 428 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. $10.00.

CLAUDE BRAGDON ("Old Lamps for New"), speaking of "Light as a Language," has said: "Many thoughtful and forward-looking persons discern in mobile color—living light—a new medium of emotional expression of almost limitless potentiality and power, capable of being organized into a language both appropriate and adequate for the utterance of all those formless, voiceless things that are even now waiting for audience in the ante-chambers of consciousness. . . . By reason of the advance of electrical science applied to light production and control this medium is already at our disposal, for the illuminating engineer can provide light of any intensity, color, quality; he can reduce, increase, mix, modify his light at will. The aim and ideal of the engineer, however, is not beauty, but efficiency and economy. . . . The potentialities of light as a *language,* a means of emotional expression, remain still for the most part unexplored and undeveloped; certain developments in the theatre and Mr. Wilfred's Clavilux represent the sum of achievement up to the present time."

The re-edition of A. B. Klein's "Colour-Music" sums up the achievement in this field of prospect. Klein traces the history of the "art of light" from the "colorific music" of the Milanese painter of the sixteenth century, Arcimboldo, to the "present proposals." In Chapter II of his book, Klein takes up "Painting and Colour-Music." He begins pre-emptorily: "Painting is no longer a vital art." Mr. Klein gives interesting reasons, as he sees them, for this "degraded level" of an art once glorious and inspiring." It fills no urgent need; the decline of the apprenticeship system; and the rise of "easel-pictures" are his first three reasons.

The author traces painting in its relation to the "art of light from Giotto to Rubens (the form-and-composition painters), then the entrance of Color with Turner, carried back to France by Monet and Pisarro, Renoir, Cezanne, and "an abstract art of painting" breaking into the component molecules of Neo-Impressionism, into the school of Pointillism, and—in America—the Synchronism of Morgan Russell and S. Macdonald Wright, the latter the brother of Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine). Mr. W. H. goes on with his brother's work like a crusader a bit too absolute: "The medium of this new art will be light, namely: color in its purest, most in-

tense form, and with determinable vibrations. . . . Light, in fact, is the only medium which answers all the requirements of the color-artist."

Mr. Wright continues: "The color-instrument of the future will not merely throw pretty squares, circles, coils, and volumes of colored light on a screen, but will be able to record the artist's moods, desires and emotions along any visually formal aesthetic line." He seems to expect the instrument before the artist, whereas Klein and Bragdon would, so it seems, expect the artist to produce the instrument. To me, both Wright and Klein are too absolute in regard to the death of painting. They forget that the life of art is dependent as much upon the life of society as upon the intrinsic vitality of the art itself. A change in the social order may revitalize arts at an ebb, and render obsolete those arts now dominant.

Wright has completely overlooked a major matter: the relation of this color-art to music. Until now the color-organ has been the lisping concomitant of music. For instance, only recently a device (the "musiclite") was present where striking upon notes played certain light-bulbs. This is, of course, a pedagogic device, not the "art of color," but it is another exhibit of attaching light to the will of sound. This has been true even in the "art" itself, although seldom has the musician been the experimenter. The fight as to color-and-sound synonyms has been long and sharp.

Klein's third chapter, "Music and Colour-Music" is valuable. Certainly in a personal, linguistic sense we give colors to sound, and sound-epithets to color.* Identity, I am agreed with Ernest Newman, there is not; but "affinity" there can be. In his chapter on "A Theory of Colour-Music Based on the Theory of Sound-Music," Klein includes: "If music is an art of moving form, an art of extensities, then colour must be largely an art of qualities. But an art of rhythmically coloured shapes would correspond broadly with music." "Correspondence" explains why I have said "affinity there *can be,*" instead of *"is."* The key is in the nature of the mechanical medium, whose pivotal expression—center of control—is the motion picture. Cinema is not art, but *arts.* Its evolution structurally is from the simple to the compound—from the visual-motor image to the sonal-visual-motor structure—to include color-interplay (when fluid color can be *filmed*). The ultimate verification of color-music, as it has been with phonography, lies with the cinema, the intesifying medium which creates an affinity of multiples, a unity of the senses. Moholy-Nagy finds the motion-picture the verification of the photograph,whose present aspiration is the capture of the fleeting second within a cirmuscribed area. To an understanding, however, of the place of color in the cinema compound a study of the theory and work in color-music will be essential, and its foundation—indeed, its store of knowledge, historical, scientific and aesthetic—is contained in the great and zealous book of Klein.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

*The hyperaesthetic '90's were great days for such synonyms. as witness Rimbaud's color-of-vowels sonnet.

Wagner Motives

WAGNER: *Das Buch der Motive* (Edition Schott) Leipzig. A Book of Wagner Motives arranged for pianoforte, two hands. American owners; Associated Music Publishers, New York City. Vol. 1—58 pps. Vol. 2.—56 pps. $1.25 each.

This complete collection of Wagner motives fills a long felt want for an adequate arrangement of the themes in all the Wagner operas. It is interesting in fact to trace the thematic idea from earliest works when it was only fragmentary up to the last when the interweaving of the leading motives formed the larger part of the orchestral background in some of the very greatest music the world has ever heard.

These arrangements are in no sense that abomination—simplified ones, but are not difficult for use by those whose knowledge of the piano is not too far advanced.

They are titled in German but the use of a German-English dictionary will obviate this difficulty and many of the names will be familiar even to those who do not know German.

I have just been studying the Columbia's epochal performance of *Tannhäuser* by means of these books and find it a revelation to be able to trace the themes so easily. The first lines of some of the principal arias are also given with the accompanying words. It will also be noted than when there is more than one phase of the motive the additional ones are given in the same form as the original theme. This is especially well done in the case of the complicated Bacchanal motive which resolves itself into no less than six different ideas, which are developed later on through the opera.

Phonophiles will derive the keenest pleasure in following the nearly 500 motives and melodies in this collection on their records and then playing them again and again on the piano until the subject of each one is firmly placed in one's musical consciousness. R. B.

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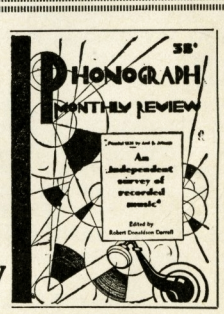

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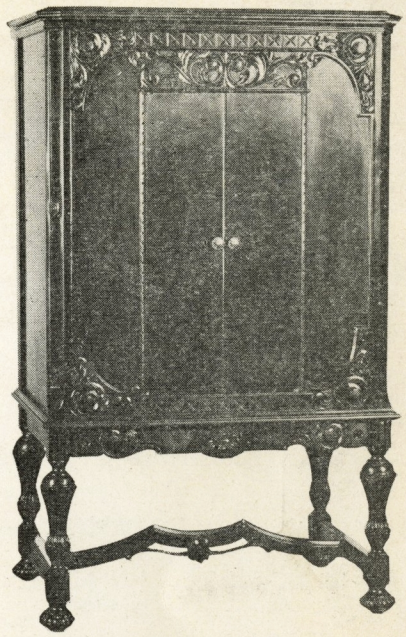

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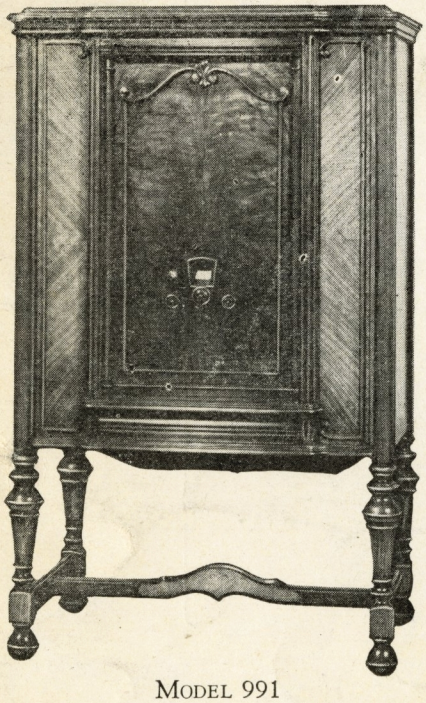

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